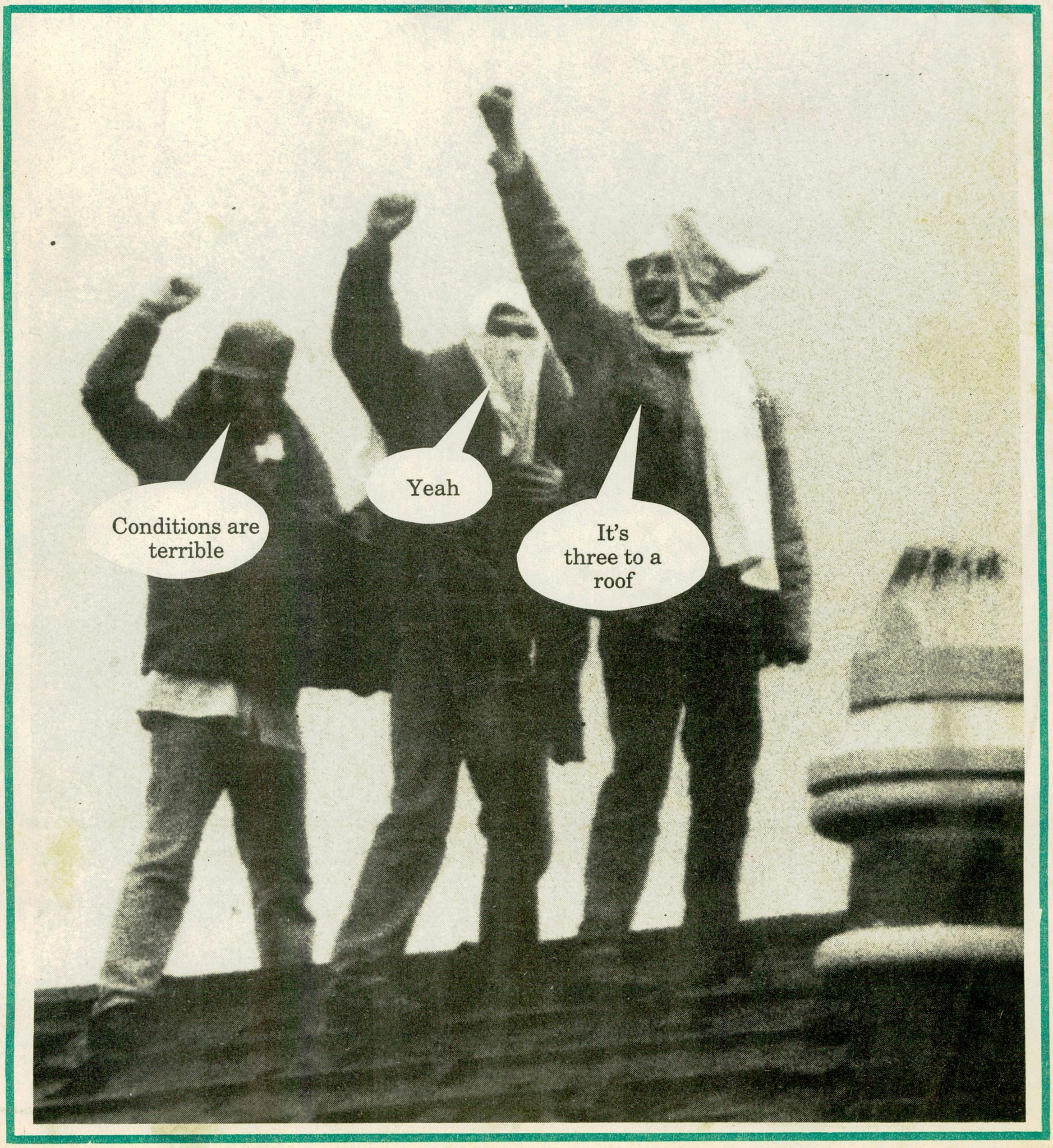
PRIVATE EYE

60p

N. 739
Friday
13 April '90.

PRISON RIOTS LATEST



IF A MARRIED MAN HAS AN AFFAIR,

According to the dictionary, a bisexual man is simply 'one who has sex with both men and women.'

As a way of life, however, bisexuality can prove to be anything but simple.

Yet few of the problems bisexual men have faced in the past can compare with the one that confronts them now.

HIV. The virus that causes AIDS.

The Human Immunodeficiency Virus is transmitted when

IT MAY NOT BE WITH A WOMAN.

infected semen, blood or vaginal fluid enters the body.

And of all sexual activities, unprotected anal intercourse presents the highest risk.

Even using a condom won't make it completely safe.

If you'd like more information about what's safe and what isn't, ring 0800 83 85 75.

Lines are open from 4pm to 10pm daily. All calls are free of charge and completely confidential.

HEALTH EDUCATION AUTHORITY

CORRUPT? FRAUDULANT? EVIL?
HONEST? DECENT? TRUE?

What ever your views on Freemasonry, this book will shake them...

THE
TEMPLE
AND THE
LODGE
INSIDE FREEMASONRY

MICHAEL BAIGENT
RICHARD LEIGH

The new international bestseller from the authors of *The Holy Blood & The Holy Grail*

OUT NOW IN CORGI PAPERBACK

STOP
LOOK
LISTEN!

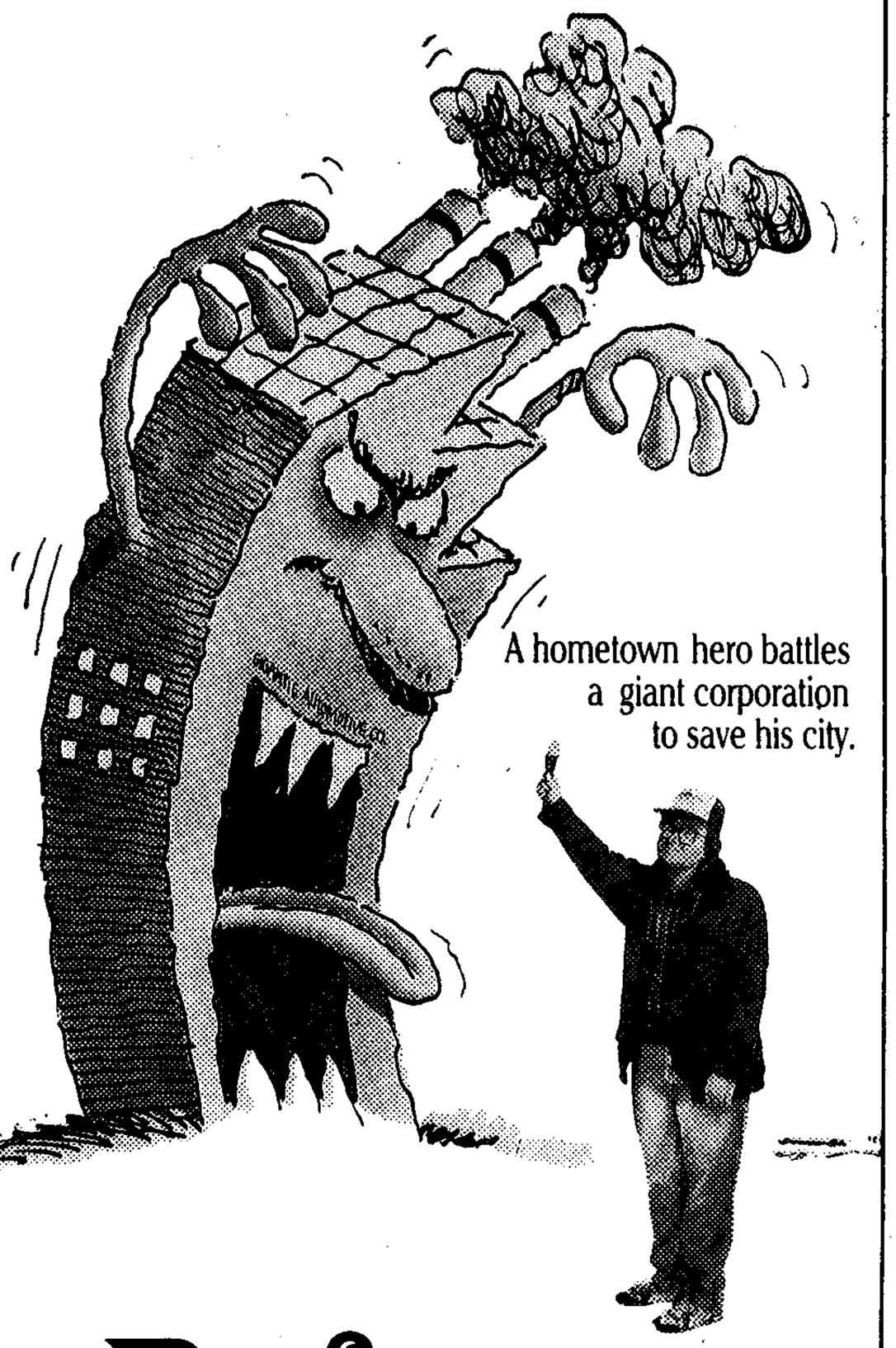
ENDANGERED SPECIES
IN OUR HIGH STREET.
RARE SIGHTINGS IN
HONG KONG AND
SHANGHAI

JOIN THE GRIFFIN PRESERVATION SOCIETY

Please send membership enquiries to:
Mr Vole, The Curator,
Griffin Preservation Society,
Hampden Accomodation Services (A.L.1.),
125 Uxbridge Road, Shepherds Bush,
London. W12 8NL

**"...masterpiece of comic rage...
It's sad, funny, hot in a cool way,
triumphantly one sided...
'Roger & Me' is terrific."**
— THE GUARDIAN

**"Highly entertaining...extraordinary,
funny, moving, scathing..."**
— BLITZ



Roger & Me 15

WARNER BROS. Presents
A DOG EAT DOG FILMS Production A Film by MICHAEL MOORE "ROGER & ME" Edited by WENDEY STANZLER and JENNIFER BEAMAN
Camera by CHRISTOPHER BEAVER JOHN PRUSACK KEVIN RAFFERTY BRUCE SCHERMER
Written Produced and Directed by MICHAEL MOORE
WARNER BROS. A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY
© 1990 Warner Bros. Inc. All Rights Reserved

FROM FRIDAY APRIL 20

WARNER WEST END
LEICESTER SQUARE 439 0791
ADVANCE BOOKING 494 3001

CANNON
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
636 6148

CANNON
FULHAM RD
370 2636

FROM FRIDAY APRIL 27

BRISTOL Whiteladies
Cannon
COVENTRY Theatre
GLASGOW Cannon
ISLINGTON Screen on
the Green
LEEDS Showcase
LIVERPOOL Showcase
MANCHESTER Showcase
NEWCASTLE Warner
NORWICH Cannon
NOTTINGHAM Cannon
NOTTINGHAM Showcase
OXFORD Cannon
SLOUGH Gallery

CINEMA DETAILS CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS

Gnome

I WAS particularly saddened to see that over the period of Easter, when the nation should be concentrating on spiritual values, the media have been attempting to whip up envy of a materialist kind with their divisive list of "The 200 Richest People in Britain".

This absurd exercise in which I myself appeared as one of the most wealthy individuals in the country is particularly repellent on two grounds.

Firstly, it is a shocking invasion of privacy. There is no excuse for printing the private details of any individual's finances.

Secondly, the figures are based on guesswork and are recklessly computed in order to create the maximum effect.

This is why I found the following entry so offensive: "Lord Gnome: Newspaper-to-condom conglomerate: Assets £3,785 million. Position 11th.

I am, of course, worth £4,311 million and I should have been ranked 7th.

E. Strobes,
pp Lord Gnome,
Gnome House,
London.

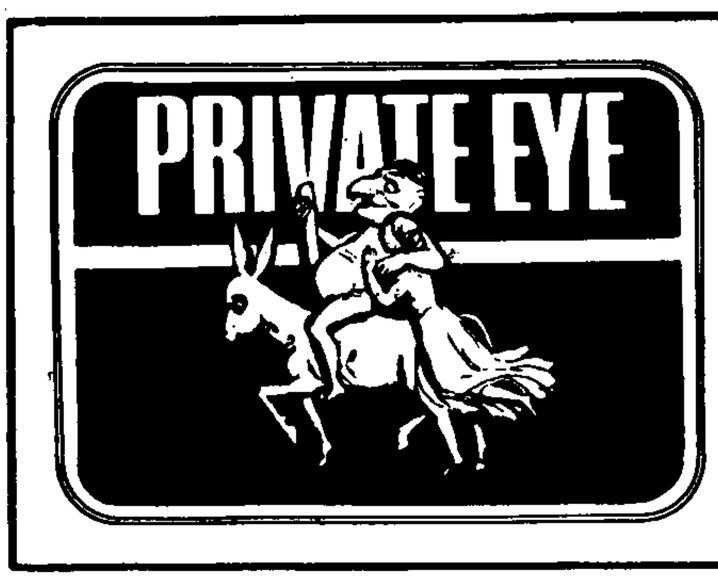
Readers have kindly pointed out that the 1990 walk to the north pole (Sir Ranulph Fiennes and Dr Mike Stroud) is being undertaken to raise money for the Multiple Sclerosis Research Appeal. £2 million needed. Donations welcomed.

PRIVATE EYE

6 Carlisle Street, London W1.
01-437 4017. Fax: 01-437 0705.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£12 per annum. Europe and Eire £18
Elsewhere: Surface £18 Air £23
Cheques/POs to Private Eye
Access/Visa
Private Eye Subscriptions
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 — 01-228 0588
Fax: 01-924 3719



COLOUR SECTION

THE *EYE*'s pessimistic prognosis about the Birmingham pub bombings — that home secretary David Waddington and the judges will fight furiously to keep the six men in prison though they clearly had nothing to do with the bombings — was gloomily vindicated by the reaction to the Granada programme *Who Bombed Birmingham?*

The Government and police had detailed answers ready. It was true, they admitted, that shortly after the six were convicted in 1975 they had evidence from another IRA man that four other people had done it. So they probably had, the police admitted. The four were probably guilty — *and so were the six*! Ten men had made and planted the bombs, even though the IRA grass had never mentioned one of the six!

These unlikely propositions could have been torn to shreds in the House of Commons — if the opposition had been determined to raise them. Instead, from the Labour frontbench and from Roy Hattersley in particular, there was almost total silence. Though pressed by backbenchers, Hattersley did not even ask for a government statement on the new evidence but left the whole matter to Chris Mullin and other backbenchers.

The Labour deputy leader is so looking forward to being in charge himself soon, that he dares not criticise anyone in any kind of authority.

THE scintillating obituaries of Lord Rothschild have been tactful about the peer's close associations with the great spies of the postwar period — in particular with the keeper of the Queen's pictures, Anthony Blunt.

Nor have they referred to Rothschild's intense fear in his later years that he would be named "the fifth man" in the spy ring which included Burgess, Maclean, Philby and Blunt. It was partly to ingratiate himself with Mrs Thatcher's Government that Rothschild flung himself into his last and least publicised political campaign: support of the poll tax.

As reported in the last *Eye*, from 1979 to 1983 when Michael Heseltine was environment secretary, the Government rejected the notion of a poll tax. In a green paper in 1981 and a white paper in 1983, the idea was specifically ruled out. In between, in 1982, the Commons environment select committee also expressly rubbished any such idea. It was only in 1984, as Thatcher and her advisers contemplated the unpleasant prospect of a revaluation on the existing rates, that she started to waver.

It was at this stage that the ubiquitous Rothschild, still fearful about the prime minister's suspicions that he may have been "the fifth man", and anxious to make amends for his extraordinary collaboration with former MI5 officer and journalist Chapman Pincher in the latter's now discredited book *Their Trade is Treachery*, offered his services for the last time in his long career as "government adviser".

Thatcher was uneasy about taking on the former boss of Edward Heath's think tank, but warmed to Rothschild after his assurances that a poll tax was, after all, a credible alternative to rates.

Rothschild worked long and hard at his new assignment. His chief associates were an assistant secretary at the Department of the Environment, Tony Mayer; and the Treasury official in charge of local government finance, Jill Ratter. Without much difficulty they soon won over Kenneth Baker, the new and highly credulous environment secretary. It was under the aegis of Rothschild, Mayer and Ratter that Baker presided at the now notorious Chequers "presentation" in 1985, during which ingenious maps, slides and graphs were used to show the PM that the poll tax would be relatively cheap and easy to collect and would at a stroke curb Labour local authorities and relieve the rates bill for the rich.

Thatcher, who anyway preferred the poll tax which had been pressed on her by the bright young men of the Adam Smith Institute and the Centre for Policy Studies (both of which had been set up by her and Sir Keith Joseph during the "free enterprise revolution") was deeply impressed. The poll tax was renamed community charge, dubbed the "flagship" of Tory Party policy in the late 1980s and written into the statute book. Mayer was promoted; Ratter got a plum job at the British embassy in Washington; and Baker became chairman of the Tory Party and Thatcher's favourite for the succession.

As for Rothschild, Thatcher made it clear to him that she was so grateful for his solving this tricky problem that she would forget all about that awkward association with Peter Wright and the even more awkward association with Anthony Blunt. Rothschild died a hero of the Tory Party.

DOUGLAS HURD is the diplomats' favourite foreign secretary. He was a diplomat himself for 14 years and still thinks like his former colleagues.

When it was suggested in Parliament that Britain should break diplomatic ties with Iraq, itching to get its finger on the nuclear trigger, Hurd spluttered with rage.

"I do not want to get into a position where we don't have an embassy in the Middle East between the Khyber Pass and the Mediterranean," he said, safeguarding jobs for the boys in the Foreign Office.

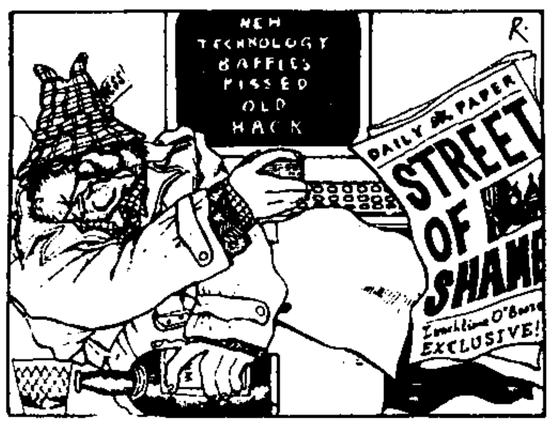
In fact Britain has embassies in Amman, Riyadh, Bahrain, Oman, Tel Aviv and Islamabad, and a Foreign Office spokesman asked about this, laughed nervously.

"The impression was not so much to be entirely literal as to give the groundsweep of what it was about and in that sense he is accurate, speaking from a strategic spreadangle," was the garbled reply.

Britain is not using her embassies in Teheran, Damascus or Kabul — the latter because the US told us to pull out in February last year and await the arrival of their friends, the *mujahideen*. We are still waiting.

Meanwhile cynics ask whether we would have left Baghdad if Farzad Bazoft had been a diplomat rather than a journalist.

"Aye, Jim lad, it's the last time I face a West Indies pace attack"



A VERY interesting piece of evidence emerged in the recent libel action in Dublin involving the brothers Murphy, two Irish farmers who objected to being associated in the *Sunday Times* with the IRA.

A crucial witness, said to have turned the tide against the brothers, was Brigadier Peter Morton. He was in charge of the 3rd Battalion of the Parachute Regiment which in 1974 was stationed in County Armagh. The Murphy farm straddles the border between Ballybinaby, County Louth, and Cornonagh, South Armagh.

The brigadier's evidence was that several IRA operations were carried out from the farm. The brigadier was ready with two examples, both of bombs set off by radio-controlled devices. The "only place from which the bomb in the second incident could have been seen was from the Murphys' farm", he asserted. And how did he deduce that? Because, he said, all radio-controlled devices of the type used by the IRA (and indeed as far as he knew of any type) "require the bomber to have a line of sight of the target".

No one challenged this evidence, least of all counsel for the *Sunday Times*. This must have sounded odd to devoted *Sunday Times* readers who recalled their paper's coverage of the TV documentary *Death on The Rock*.

The government view, closely supported by the *Sunday Times*, was that the three IRA members shot in Gibraltar in March 1988 were "making movements" which suggested they might be detonating a bomb in a car they had parked on the other side of the Rock. When it was pointed out that the three people could not see the car from where they were shot — and indeed that there was a hefty slab of the Rock of Gibraltar and innumerable high buildings between them and the car — the Government and the *Sunday Times* suggested that it was not necessary to be in line of sight with a target to detonate a bomb with a radio-controlled device.

FOGHORN-VOICED *Observer* hack John Sweeney seems determined to meet the same fate as his tragic colleague Farzad Bazoft.

Shortly before smuggling himself into Albania under cover of an archaeological trip last month, Sweeney sought the advice of an expert on the country. There was one thing in particular he was desperate to know: "How can I get myself arrested?"

Seeing the puzzled look on his companion's face, Sweeney explained that since visiting Romania during the revolution he had "developed a taste for dicing with death". He was now eager to see the inside of a Tirana jail.

As it turned out, even the Albanians blanched at the thought of picking a fight with Sweeney: despite his best endeavours, the boisterous hack got through his trip without once being beaten up by the security police or flung into a Stalinist dungeon. Next time, perhaps.

ON MONDAY 2 April *Daily Star* sports hack Kevin Francis began his report of the Manchester Utd-Coventry football match as follows: "So much goodwill poured down on Neil Webb's head from the Old Trafford terraces it's a wonder the England midfielder was able to get in the full 90 minutes. All that weight of expectation would have buckled a fully-fit athlete, never mind one who has spent six months in mothballs."

In the same day's *Express*, there was a report on the match by John Bean. He wrote: "So much goodwill poured down on Neil Webb's dark head from the Old Trafford terraces it is a wonder the England midfielder was able to get in a full 90-minute patrol. All that weight of expectation would have buckled a fully-fit athlete..." And so on, and so on: for the next half dozen paragraphs Francis in the *Star* and Bean in the *Express* were two hearts beating as one.

Any reader who noticed the coincidence may have assumed that either Kevin Francis or John Bean was a pseudonym, used to disguise the fact that the two papers use the same football reporter. Not so, however: John Bean and Kevin Francis both work out of the *Express* office in Manchester and both attended the game at Old Trafford.

So why the uncanny unison? The *Eye* asked *Daily Star* sports editor Phil Rostron, who ruminated for some moments before replying. "I guess," he said eventually, "what it would be is a case of great minds thinking alike."

JUST FANCY THAT

He was found guilty of serious professional misconduct and warned that he could only work in National Health hospitals for the next three years.

Evening Standard

THE pixie-like editor of the Londoner's Diary on the *Evening Standard*, Rory Knight-Bruce, has let it be known that he would like a parallel career in television. He has even, somewhat grandly, retained an agent "to get me on to *Question Time*".

So far his efforts in this direction have not proved successful. Invited on to the dire *Kilroy* to discuss relationships with parents, Knight-Bruce sat meekly and silently throughout.

THE high court may soon be treated to the exciting spectacle of dozens of grey-suited hacks from the *Indescribablyboring* — including Andreas Whittam-Strobes himself — being subpoenaed as witnesses in a case that promises to be the journalistic equivalent of *Kramer vs Kramer*.

The cause of the trouble is *Not Many Dead*, the new book in which *Indie* cartoonist Nicholas Garland rubbishes many of his colleagues — and particularly the paper's layout wallah, Michael Crozier (see Literary Review in the last *Eye*.)

Ever since the book's imminent publication was announced, Garland has been keeping an understandably low profile at the *Indie*'s office — furtively darting into the lavatory, avoiding open spaces, skulking in his lair with the door shut. He has even grown a beard, apparently in the hope that nobody will recognise him. But last week the enraged Crozier finally cornered his errant cartoonist and delivered a curt message: "I'll see you in court!"

Mr Justice Michael Davies must already be rubbing his hands in anticipation...

HUGE, bearded theatre-bore Sheridan Morley was given hectares of space in the *Indescribablyboring* on Monday this week to grumble about how *Punch* magazine had been ruined by its new young editor, David Thomas.

Morley — like Alan Coren, Stanley Reynolds and other old *Punch* bores — has been whingeing on in this vein for over a year. However, his latest sally is oddly timed. Only a few weeks ago the *Sunday Times* magazine ran a feature by Bryan Appleyard attacking the new *Punch* and Thomas. Immediately, Morley was on the phone to Thomas to commiserate. These attacks were so unfair, he told the teenaged editor. Perhaps Morley could buy him lunch at the Garrick Club to cheer him up.

Over the lunch, which took place last month, Morley was as friendly as could be. There would be no more mud-slinging, he said; he wanted to kiss and make up.

Now, it seems, "Sherry Baby" has had second thoughts. In Monday's *Indie* he announced that Thomas had "killed the magazine".

YOU CAN always rely on the *Daily Star* for the big world exclusives.

While the rest of the meejah were fooled into thinking the alleged Iraqi attempt to import nuclear capacitors had been foiled by a tip-off from the makers the *Star*'s front page splash told the true story.

It was "a beautiful girl spy operating in London" who should have had the credit. "The tall, slim 30-year-old redhead set a lovetrap for Iraqi intelligence chief Omar Latif" whose pillow talk fortuitously centred around Kryton bomb triggers.

Of course there is no question of the *Star* making all this up, especially not the bit about Margaret Thatcher directing the whole operation personally. But could the "sexy undercover secret service operator" be in any way related to two seductresses who have graced previous front pages in virtually identical stories.

After an IRA unit was wiped out by the SAS at Loughgall three years ago, it was claimed their whereabouts had been obtained by a beautiful secret agent who had seduced the head of the IRA! Yet another sexy spy found herself in bed with a different IRA chief a year later, on this occasion gaining the information which led to the Gibraltar shootings.

Notorious hoaxer Rocky Ryan claimed responsibility for the Loughgall story, but the *Star*'s latest scoop is clearly genuine as the rag quoted verbatim from the spy's bedtime conversations with Mr Latif.

HACKS ON the *Indescribablyboring* have been told that money is short. A recent memo from editor Andreas Whittam Strobes orders them to cut lunch bills and other expenses by 90 per cent forthwith.

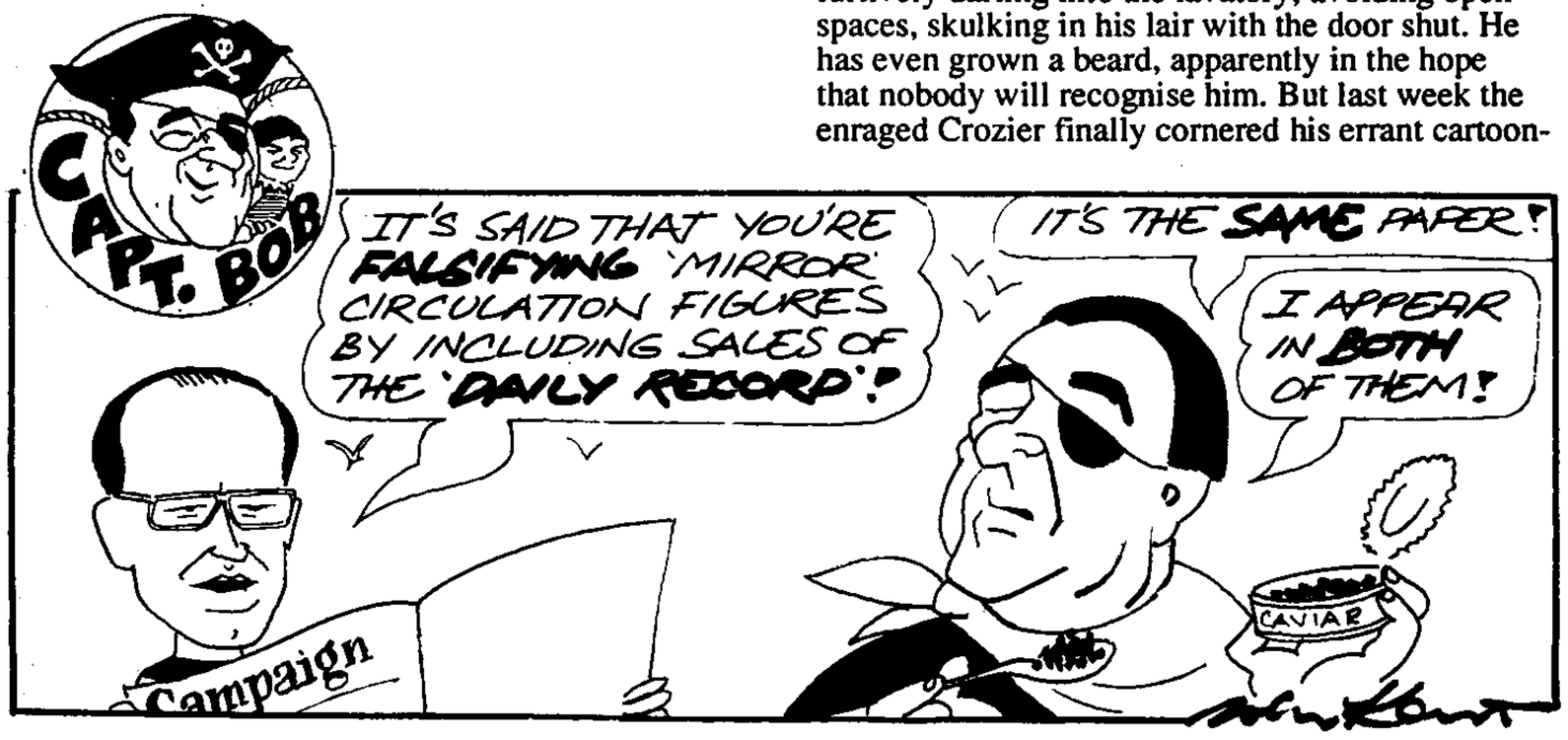
But while the toiling masses tighten their belts, the officer class at the *Indie* still seems to have cash galore to throw about. Only last week the saintly Strobes gave a colossal pay rise to columnist Lord Rees-Mogg, the only *Independent* writer consistently more boring than fellow hack Peter Jenkins.

The pay rise followed Rees-Mogg's announcement that he had had an approach from Simon Jenkins, the new editor of the *Times* who is currently trying to make his organ as dull as Whittam Strobes's.

The bad news for *Indie* readers is that not only will Rees-Mogg be staying, but Peter Jenkins has also rejected an offer from the *Times*.

SUNSET *TIMES* deputy editor Ivan "The Terrible" *(Surely "The Terribly Talented" — Ed)* Fallon is so used to hobnobbing with captains of industry and business tycoons that he is beginning to suffer from delusions of grandeur.

When lunching at the Savoy he rings up the Wapping car pool and asks to book the fleet Rolls-Royce, which is driven by a smartly turned-out driver in a grey suit. Fallon climbs into the back of the Roller, opens his briefcase, draws out a peaked chauffeur's cap and passes it to the driver!


CAPT. BOB
IT'S SAID THAT YOU'RE FALSIFYING 'MIRROR' CIRCULATION FIGURES BY INCLUDING SALES OF THE 'DAILY RECORD'!
IT'S THE SAME PAPER!
I APPEAR IN BOTH OF THEM!
CAVIAR
Campaign

THE Tory Party, renowned for its discipline at times of crisis, is in total panic.

Labour MPs who lunched with senior executives from the Royal Mail the week after the Mid-Staffs by-election were astonished to be told that every Tory MP had made crisis telephone calls that week to cancel a meeting because Kenneth "Giglamps" Baker had issued an emergency summons to them to attend a live-or-die discussion.

Even more bizarrely, Tory MPs who normally do not deign to interest themselves in local elections have cancelled another meeting with the Royal Mail booked for the day after the local elections in May. They are all under instructions to be in their constituencies for the day of mourning.

Meanwhile in the Commons, following the defections of Michael Heseltine and Nigel Lawson in the lobbies over the poll tax, Tory whips have cancelled their "bisque system". This used to enable some 50 or so Tory MPs who could not find "pairs" because of their huge majority to shunt off home to their London flats at midnight.

Now the whips insist that the Tories must be able to show a 100 majority or more on every vote.

MALCOLM RIFKIND's disloyal shenanigans over the poll tax can only mean further advance for Michael Forsyth, the hardline MP for Stirling whom Mrs Thatcher honoured last year by appointing him chairman of the Scottish Tories.

Strangely Thatch believes the Scots have been mollycoddled by wets like Rifraff and that a sterner approach is needed. If she survives to make another reshuffle, Forsyth will surely replace the disgraced Malcolm.

One big mystery is the origin of Forsyth's plummy accent. Those who witnessed his ascent to the chairmanship of the disbanded Federation of Conservative Students recall his broad, plebian Dundee accent.

Surely he hasn't been talking to the same speech therapist as his beloved Leaderene?

THE furious row between Labour's NEC and the Tower Hamlets Labour Party rages.

Labour stalwarts in Tower Hamlets have said that if they take Tower Hamlets from the Liberals in May they will neither raise rents in accordance with Tory legislation nor take action against those who do not pay the poll tax.

NEC members, after a 15-2 vote disapproving of this action, have ordered the comrades to desist. Undaunted, the comrades have told the NEC to sod off. Now the NEC has told the comrades that if they do not obey Walworth Road, the local government committee which runs elections in Tower Hamlets will be disbanded and the NEC will draw up the local manifesto.

At a stormy NEC meeting Neil Kinnock was not pleased to be reminded by Dennis Skinner that in the 1970s he, Kinnock, had supported action by local councils who refused to implement the Tory Housing Finance Act 1972 and voted in the lobbies for retrospective legislation to help out law-breaking councillors who were threatened with surcharge. "Things were different then," says the Welsh Windbag.

NORMAN TEBBIT and fellow travellers on the Labour frontbench may yet be disappointed in their attempts to stop Chinese immigration.

Regardless of the result of the Commons vote on 19 April, half a million people from "an alien culture" have the right to move to Britain any time they like. They are residents of Macao, the tiny peninsula and its adjacent islands across the Canton estuary from Hongkong.

Macau has the good fortune to be governed by Portugal. Unlike us, however, the much poorer Portuguese have honoured their colonial obligations and provided full passports for all Macao residents (only around 3,000 of whom are of Portuguese origin).

As Portugal is a member of the European Community, all her passport holders have the full right of abode in any EC country. All 500,000 Macao Chinese can therefore enter Britain to live and work without restriction — assuming they can tolerate inhabiting the same island as Tebbit and Hattersley.

TESSA JOWELL, who has won the Labour nomination for Dulwich in south-east London, showed that the way to handle an unpopular policy is to abandon it.

Ms Jowell, former leader of MIND, was asked by the women's section if she was in favour of homosexuals and heterosexuals having the same age of consent. Shock horror, she said she wasn't.

In the next round of interminable selection meetings the same question came up and Tessa gave exactly the opposite reply. She is sure to make good Kinnock fodder. The leader has backed her because she is obedient and, in the words of the supporter of a rival right-winger, the candidate of the hard right.

Her victory was sealed by the vote of the electricians' union, which may have been chucked out of the TUC because of its support of Rupert Murdoch during the Wapping dispute but is still in the Labour Party. The Labour leadership is planning to phase out union block votes, but it doesn't object when the union concerned votes for the *right*-winger.

THE BAD news for Colonel Michael Mates, Tory chairman of the defence select committee, is that inquiries into his business interests and alleged failure to declare them are not over.

Readers will recall how eyebrows were raised when it was learnt that SGL Ltd, a firm with which the colonel was associated, was really called SGL Defence Ltd. Some MPs wondered whether this made Matey the ideal man to chair the select committee.

The story disappeared from the press when someone told hacks the colonel had been cleared of impropriety. Alas, a formal complaint has now been lodged that he did not declare his interest in a recent defence debate when he should have done.

The select committee on members' interests is now investigating the complaint, but the investigation is entirely separate from the other one — details of which have been made public — into whether the colonel is a fit person to chair the defence committee given that witnesses might be reluctant to give evidence because they fear the chairman's interests may conflict with their own.

LABOUR MP for Warley East Andrew "Rob Roy" Faulds has launched a magnificent tirade against the Labour whips in a letter to fellow MP John Battle.

It would appear that Battle was all set to go on a trip to Turkey and had accepted his tickets from the Turkish ambassador after dining with him. But one of the whips, Ray Powell, told Battle that he couldn't afford to miss a vital committee meeting.

Faulds refuses to believe that Powell could not have found a replacement for Battle and has inveighed against "that prick Powell, that tin-pot tyrant... a little man with little talent, dressed in a little brief authority [Faulds' thespian roots beginning to show here] which he habitually abuses according to his likes and dislikes."

He adds that chief whip Derek Foster is "as weak as soft soap" and concludes in avuncular, world-weary fashion: "You will learn, in this Party of comradeship, what a load of oddities and shits some of our colleagues are."

THE story in *Eye* 737 about the efforts of Labour's PR king Peter Mandelson to promote Marjorie Mowlam have opened up old wounds in the shadow cabinet.

The constant complaints of those in the Frank Dobson/Jack Straw/Jack Cunningham camp ("the old lags") that Mandelson ignores them and prefers instead to hype Tony Blair and Gordon Brown ("the new pretty boys") have been revived.

Does Kinnock support Mandelson's espousal of the new pretty boys against the old lags because he's anxious not to have too many people around who know from personal experience about his past?

ANGRY exchanges broke out when the shadow cabinet discussed Labour's whipping arrangements for the human fertilisation and embryology bill.

Donald Dewar, shadow Scottish secretary, pleaded for a free vote because of the large number of reactionary Catholic Scottish MPs who believe experiments on pre-embryos are murder. Jo Richardson, Labour's leading sister and the official shadow spokesman for wimmin's affairs, pleaded to be allowed to say publicly that allowing experiments is Labour Party policy.

Dewar, apparently oblivious to the fact that that very day Labour's NEC had endorsed the policy, wanted Richardson to restrict herself to expressing a personal view. Skilfully Neil Kinnock decided to back both Dewar and Richardson. There was to be a free vote, but Richardson could say that it would be party policy to support the bill. This allows Labour MPs to vote against Labour Party policy.

'Backbiter'

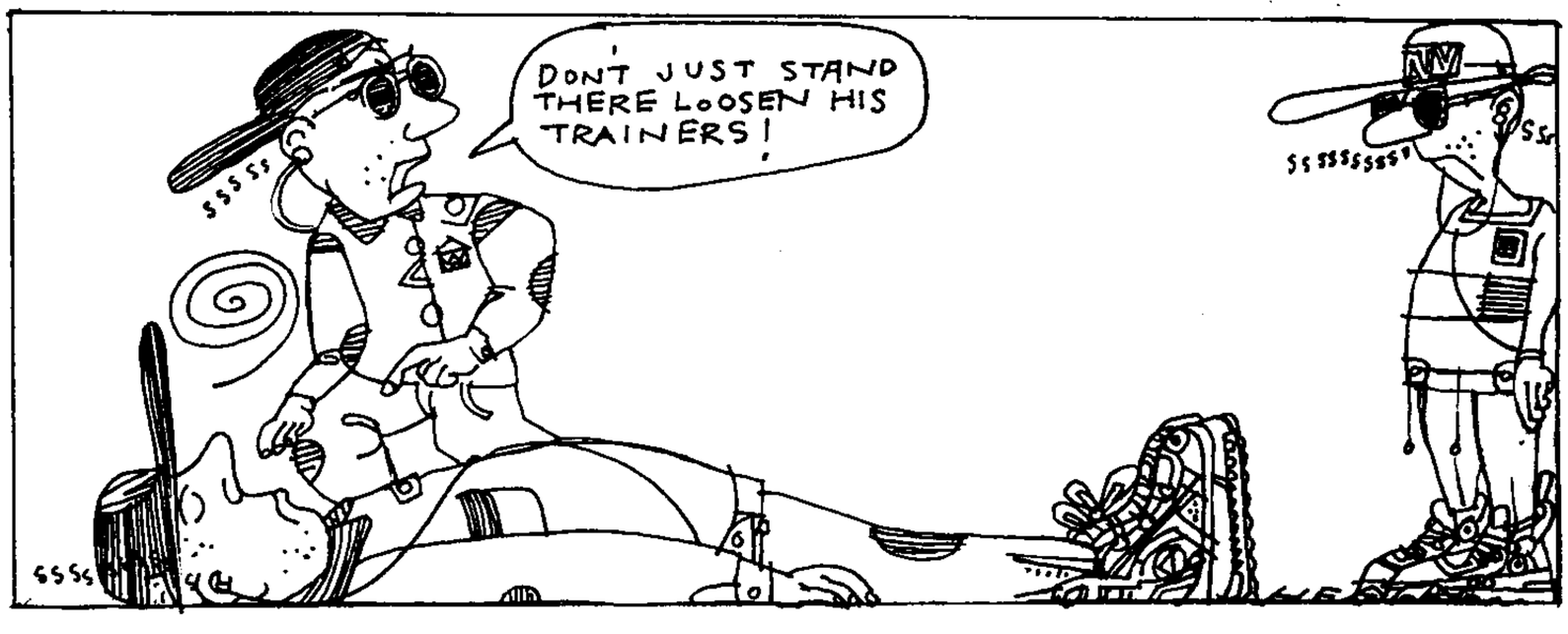
A CURIOUS letter from the Israeli ambassador has been sent to the *Spectator*'s new editor Dominic Lawson.

The ambassador congratulates young Dominic on his appointment and hopes the relationship between the magazine and the Israeli embassy will be "less tenuous" than it has been in the past.

To his credit Lawson has replied that the relationship between the *Spectacularlyboring* and *all* embassies has always been tenuous and will continue to be so.

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH



I ATTEND the Commonwealth Day celebration at Lancaster House as the guest of the Queen's favourite Commonwealth person, Sir Sonny Ramphal.

In the line-up of dignitaries to meet the Brenda is my cuddly old friend Bernie Grant MP, the policeman's friend.

Brenda recognises him at once. "You're the chap who wears exotic costumes to the state opening of Parliament," she observes, much to Bernie's delight.

The Duke of Edinburgh is evidently not so well informed. Greeting Bernie, he asks him who he is. "I'm an MP," Grant explains.

"In which country?" the duke inquires politely.

THE ABSURD Cap'n Bob's peculiar affection for law officers of the Crown continues apace.

I well recall the unexpected appearance of Lord (Elwyn) Jones at the trial of the century — the unforgettable Maxwell v Pressdram — in which the former Lord Chancellor said he thought Maxwell probably the most wonderful man in the history of the world and that, yes, he *was* retained as an adviser to a Maxwell company.

Then there was Sam Silkin, former Labour attorney-general who joined the board and later became chairman of another Maxwell enterprise. And Lord Havers who, after a short spell as Thatcher's Lord Chancellor, became chairman of Maxwell's Solicitors Law.

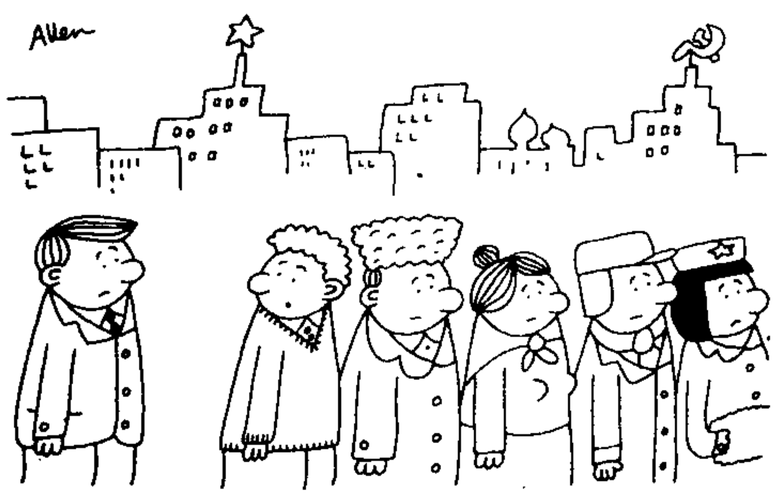
Now, as readers of *Eye* 731 will recall, the Cap'n has appointed Peter Archer, QC MP, as ombudsman to deal with the millions of complaints levelled at Mirror Group newspapers.

I sincerely hope this appointment will not harm Archer's chances of becoming the next solicitor-general when a Labour government is elected — his elevation was a dead cert until he took the Maxwell shilling.

I HAVE finally managed to contact my old friend Carmen Callil following her return from Australia.

I asked for her reaction to the savage attack on her by David Holloway (16) in the *Telegraph* on the occasion of the publication of Celia Brayfield's trashy novel, *The Prince*.

Her face contorted with rage, she snarled: "My one ambition is to get David Holloway by the balls and squeeze and squeeze and squeeze..."



"It's the queue to leave the Communist party"

Pseuds Corner

THE SET is a vastly enlarged half-open book: the cover pierced by a cross-shaped cut-out revealing letters which appear to spell the words Pseuds' Corner.

In fact, when the cover is fully opened you can see that the page is copied from Verdi's score and that the words in question are "veut son mort".

GERALD LARNER
Guardian

My friends had double-page Jackie posters of Cassidy and Stardust above their beds; I had a map of the London Underground. And I learned the names of the Tube stations — the stations of the cross! — with a speed and dedication I could not apply to more academic learning by rote. But what times table ever spoke such volumes or promised such riches as Angel, White City and Mansion House? To me that map — drawn by one Harry Beck in the 1930s, still to me the greatest artist in the history of the world — held all the promise of sex, fame, fun and money that my friends saw in Cassidy's appendix scar, Bowie's ill-matched eyes and Ferry's patent-leather sneer. London was the ultimate sex symbol, a map of dreams.

JULIE BURCHILL
The Face

Monday... I wanted to watch one of my favourite films on video — Wendy Hiller in *I Know Where I'm Going* — with Anastasia, but she, poor girl, is exhausted after slaving away all week at a history project about suffragettes. She is a romantic and shares my love of the Highlands. One day she will marry the chief of a wild clan and live surrounded by wolfhounds in a rugged sea-girt stronghold. To live like that was my ambition when I was at school.

NIKOLAI TOLSTOY
Independent

Van Morrison is a mystic with all that entails: something closed, shut. Something intrinsic to Van Morrison's music is always hidden from we pilgrims, something that inspires a sense of awe, but makes us aware how many of his revelations he internalises and simply hints at in his music.

If we ignore the fact that Van Morrison is a voice rather than printed word, then rather place him in the company of Leadbelly, Guthrie, Mahalia Jackson we might place him in literary company with the visionary Romantics — Blake, Coleridge, even Dylan Thomas.

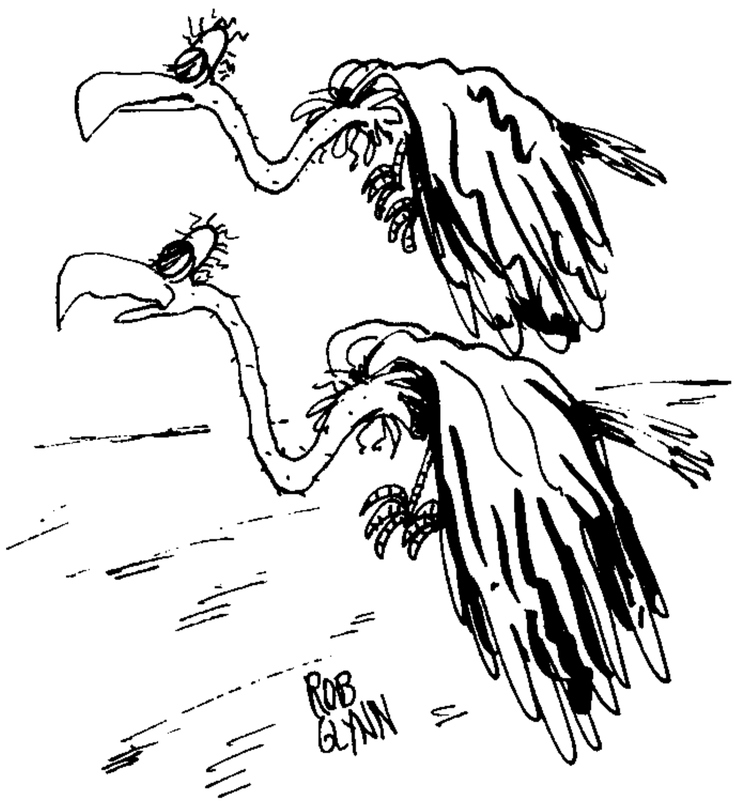
SEAN BRANGAN
Magill

As the Dark Blue boat drifted under the bridge, I saw a sight I have never before witnessed after a Boat Race. A lone figure was standing up in the Oxford Boat, balancing like a statue on the two wooden stays which run just beneath the saxboards inside the boat. His mighty arms were raised upwards to the sky, and his face stared in ecstasy into the heavens beyond. It might have been a demonstration of brute strength, or even a display of massive triumph — the bold stance of the victor. But for a few brief shining moments, Donald Macdonald was alone with his God.

DANIEL TOPOLSKI/
PATRICK ROBINSON
True Blue

CONTRIBUTORS: A.P.R., Brett Arends, Colin Davey, Charles Hunter, Edward J. Brooks.

£10 paid for similar submissions



"It really sickens me – being compared with lawyers"

ONE MUST now be very careful what one says about the tremendously rich and sensitive composer Andrew Lloyd-Webber. Apparently Lloyd-Wobble, adored by music lovers everywhere, has been growing a little touchy recently about disparaging references to his magnificent *oeuvre*.

At Auntie Beeb an edict has even gone out that no jokes should be made about Wobble "borrowing" material from the Classics or even recycling his own "classics". Whatever can all this mean?

● *STROLLING down to Trafalgar Square to witness the opening battle of the class war, I espy my friend Simon O'Dwyer Russell, a former Sandhurst man who is now the very pukka defence correspondent for the Sunday Telegraph. He has apparently been sent by his paper to cover the uprising.*

I am glad to see that his military training has not deserted him. Finding himself near a rioting anarchist, Simon pulls out his portable phone and brings it down on the man's head with a satisfying thwack. Then, before the enraged troops of the left can take their revenge, the tweed-suited hack scampers swiftly towards the sanctuary of the police lines.

THE USUAL sour-grapes brigade have been complaining about BBC2's rather toothless piece about Charles Saatchi. They imagine that it has something to do with BBC2 controller Alan "Botney" Yentob and his friendship with the aforementioned Saatchi.

Those disgruntled hacks who were keen to see the boot going in to Charlie rather than to see an appraisal of his modern art collection want to know if censorship from above had anything to do with it.

Sadly, the truth seems to have been self-censorship by the programme makers since Botney, one of Charlie's guests on a recent Caribbean yacht trip, did not even see the film before it went out.

DEAR OLD Tom Conti's performance at the Olivier Awards on the BBC took some of us, including his co-presenter, the lovely Jane Yoghurt (*Surely Asher? Ed.*) by surprise. Conti's poise, timing and witty off-the-cuff remarks suggested that he has been preparing for his new role as Jeff Bernard with total dedication.

DONALD "Pixie" Trelford's long article about the roguish Adnan Khashoggi in last Sunday's *Observer* made a fascinating read. But there was one striking omission: no mention of Khashoggi's former friend Pamella Bordes.

Why, I wonder, should Donald be so reticent on this subject?

Pip Pip!

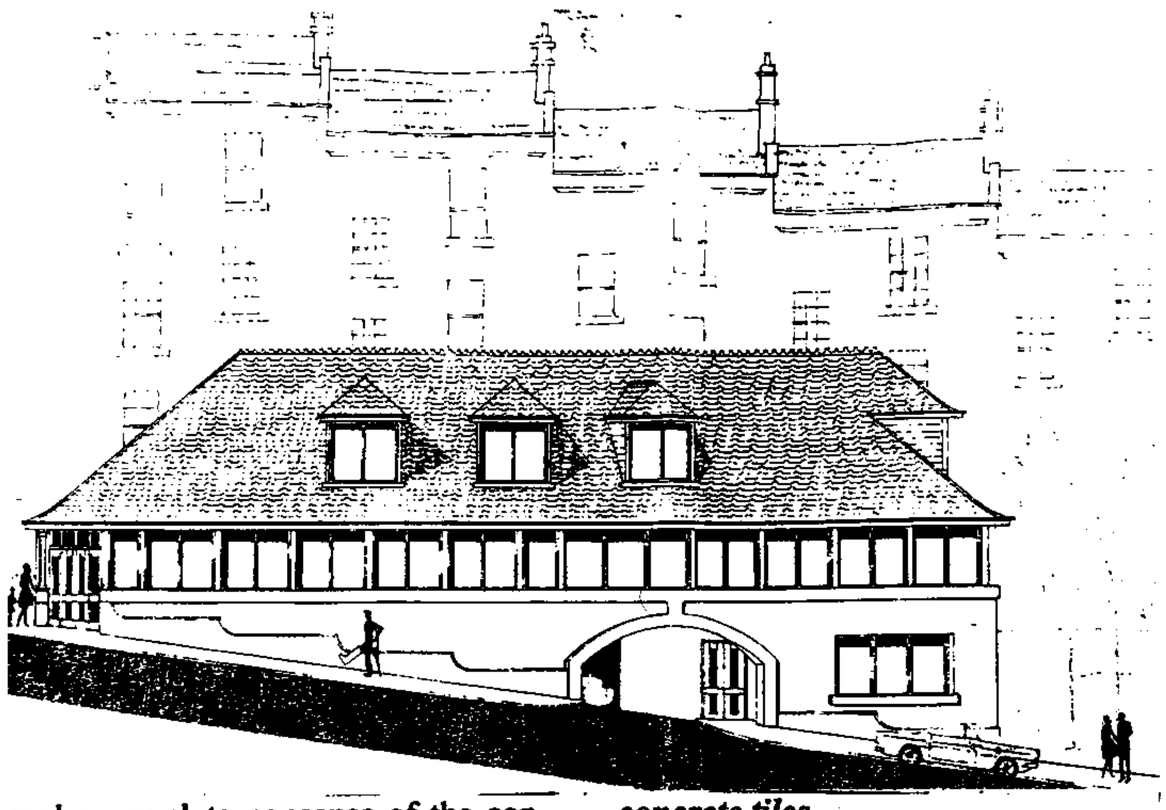
NOOKS and CORNERS

THE GOOD Liberals, or whatever they call themselves these days, who run the London Borough of Tower Hamlets are pursuing a logical development of the NIMBY principle, that is, Only In Others People's Back Yards (OIOPBY). This local authority declares and protects conservation areas within its boundaries, yet is now happily prepared to demolish interesting buildings that it happens to own within a conservation area in another local authority's jurisdiction.

The case in question concerns the St Leonard's Children's Home in Hornchurch, an interesting and successful Victorian experiment in creating a humane environment in which to bring up deprived children. Built by the Board of Guardians of Shoreditch and completed in 1889, the orphanage was in conscious reaction to the "Oliver Twist" type of workhouse typical of inner London. It was designed by F.J. Smith in a cottage style, with individual small-scale buildings arranged to create a sort of new village street in a rural setting in the old Essex village.

Unfortunately, the successor to the Board of Guardians of Shoreditch is the London Borough of Tower Hamlets, which has emptied and neglected the buildings. Now the auditors' department proposes to demolish almost all of them, to allow Messrs Bellwinch Homes Ltd of Wembley to build a new residential development. This is in spite of the fact that the former children's home buildings are ideally suited for conversion to residential use. But, above all, this crude proposal will make complete nonsense of the conservation area declared by the London Borough of Havering.

The caring Liberals of Tower Hamlets should be thoroughly ashamed of themselves for trying to destroy this charming and important example of social architecture.



MY illustration shows a design for a doctors' surgery. With its horizontal lines and sweeping pitched roof, this piece of streamlined neo-vernacular would look very well in Milton Keynes or Basingstoke. But genius is never trammelled by petty considerations of site or local traditions, for this scheme is proposed for Bath and, to pay respect to that stone-built Georgian city, the walls are to be of reconstituted stone while the roof will be covered in red concrete tiles.

The site on which this amenity is to be crammed is Northampton Buildings behind St James's Square, where once stood a row of mews cottages. These were all demolished in the 1970s when the area was zoned for educational uses. This classification was subsequently changed and the housing committee then deemed the area unsuitable for residential purposes. So a doctors' surgery was proposed instead and, ignoring the advice of its officers, the city council has given detailed planning permission for a scheme which is flawed on functional grounds and which, above all, completely ignores the context of listed Georgian houses. The architect, by the way, is Mr David J. McDonagh, who just happens to be the husband of the present mayor, she who used to be chairman of the housing committee.

Enough said, perhaps. But a more general observation might be made about the people who run the city of Bath. Adam Fergusson's The Sack of Bath was published in 1973 and was instrumental in bringing to a belated end to the manic redevelopment of what was once one of the finest and most complete 18th century cities in Europe.

Since then, outright destruction has largely ceased, smooth conservation consultants have been hired and the city planners have ostensibly been concerned with repairing the image. Yet, as the recent reprint of Fergusson's book with its depressing sequel by Tim Mowl shows, ruination has continued as new developments of suburban banality, usually with a Casson mansard, have continued to insult the real character and grain of the city. As Mowl concludes: "Old, beautiful Bath was created by a narrow oligarchy; today a wider democratic society is being tested on its sophistication, its awareness and its resolve, and found wanting on all three counts."

The approval of Mr McDonagh's little masterpiece certainly confirms that.

'Piloti'

LEGAL NEWS

ADMIRERS of Lord Lane, the Lord Chief Justice, will have noticed the commonsense and fairness with which he recently quashed the conviction of Alban Turner.

Turner had been convicted of killing a man at the Notting Hill carnival in 1988 on the basis of uncorroborated prosecution evidence from one witness, Kevin Sarbutts. This witness had since come forward and confessed that he had given perjured evidence, claiming as his twin motives the reward of £6,500 and his fear of threatened assaults by police officers.

Lord Lane had no difficulty dismissing Sarbutts' allegations about police brutality; but he believed Sarbutts' confession about having wanted the reward: "Either he wickedly caused a conviction of murder by voluntarily giving false evidence or, equally wickedly, he has now procured the release from prison of the man he knows to be guilty." Lord Lane concluded logically that the first alternative was more likely since Sarbutts was risking prosecution for perjury by coming forward to retract his original evidence.

However, Lord Lane's application of principles of logic and commonsense to evidence is by no means universal. At the most recent appeal of the Birmingham Six he decided the evidence of one witness, a former WPC called Mrs Joyce Lynass, had no weight.

Mrs Lynass had come forward and told lawyers acting for the six that she had witnessed assaults by policemen on some of the prisoners after they had been arrested and before they had been sent to Winson Green Prison — a story that has always been asserted by the six themselves.

When she came to give evidence, Mrs Lynass denied what she had originally told the lawyers, saying she had witnessed no such thing. Yet a few days later she came back to the Court of Appeal to tell the judges that she had given perjured evidence on the previous occasion because she had received a peculiar phone call which she had interpreted as threatening.

In his judgement Lord Lane declared that her evidence, taken as a whole, was valueless and that all their lordships could conclude from it was that she had given evidence on two occasions and on either one or the other she had been lying.

Why did Lord Lane not apply the same logic to this as he later applied to the evidence of Kevin Sarbutts? Why would Mrs Lynass, a practising Christian, come back to the Court of Appeal and confess to having perjured herself the first time if she had in fact told the truth the first time?

And why, since Lord Lane has referred the matter of Sarbutts' perjury to the DPP, has he not done the same about Mrs Lynass?

MILLIONAIRE publisher Robert Maxwell has suffered an inglorious defeat in the French courts over a one million franc libel suit which he brought against author Kenneth R. Timmerman.

In a book about Soviet high-tech espionage called *La Grande Gauche*, Timmerman had claimed that Cap'n Bob "put the KGB on line" by selling database systems and high-speed transmission modems to the KGB agency VINITI which collects "open literature" in the west on scientific and technical subjects. However, the *Tribunal de grande instance de Paris* dismissed Maxwell's claim that he had been defamed by the passage in Timmerman's book.

Unlike here, the French courts administer a mild punishment to mischievous litigants on occasions such as this. Far from receiving damages himself, Cap'n Bob has been ordered to pay damages of 8,000 francs each to Timmerman and his publisher.

campain

Freedom of choice with Team

Listed here is a small selection of our current requirements. If you're considering a contract for the first time or you are an experienced contractor, then call any of the team or send us your CV either by Fax or Post. We could have the contract you are looking for.

Computer Team, London NW1

Submitted by M.D. Crawshaw.

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 paid for contributions.

EYE TV

Comrade Sak

(C4)

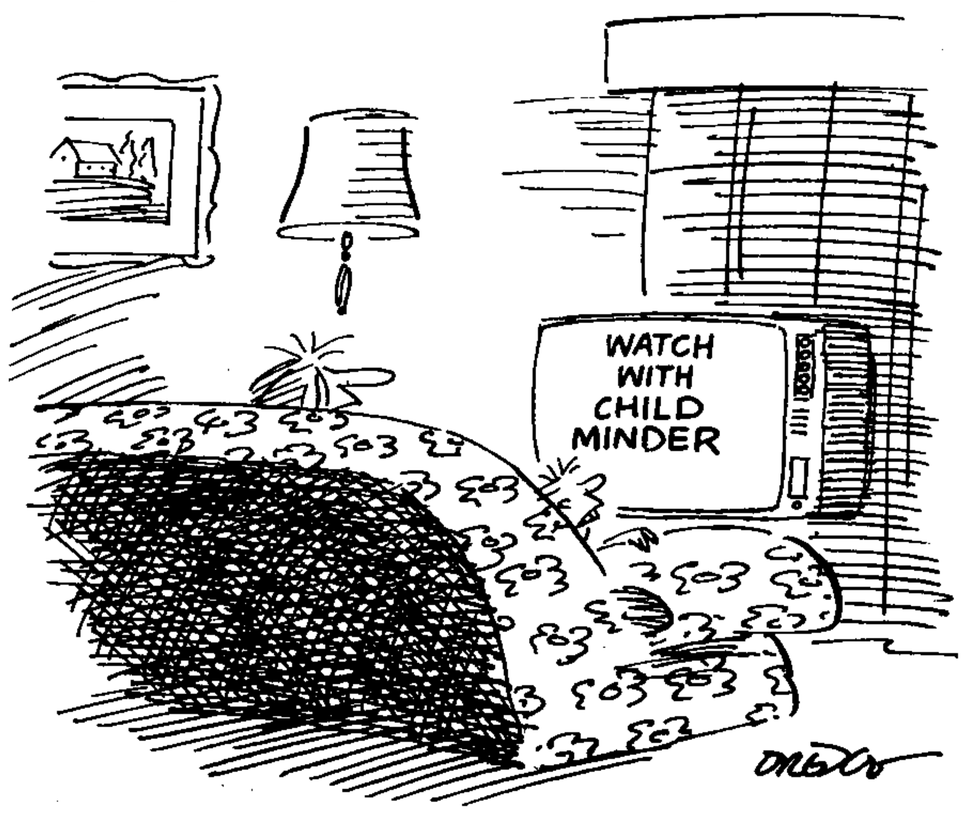
IT IS TOO often forgotten now — with soaps, gameshows and American sitcoms packing its top ten shows — but Channel 4 was set up to screen programmes which no one else would. In this way, it was a very rare example of legislation to encourage non-conformity. And, of the best of the C4 output, it can truly be said as a compliment that no other channel would have given the stuff air-room.

Dramas like *A Very British Coup* and *Traffik* were too spiky, too minority to be funded by commercials or the licence fee. The same was true of the bravest of the *Diverse Reports* and *20:20 Vision* series and projects like the gay magazine show *Out On Tuesday*, which would have caused a seizure to either the bosses or the watchers of BBC or ITV.

Such examples show Channel 4 acting, admirably, as a valve, a conduit. There is, however, another side to this. The fourth channel must also sometimes function as a drain. Just like certain alternative magazines whose editors foolishly boast "We publish writers no one else will employ!" — exactly, exactly, mumble the numbed readers — there is another sense to Channel 4's pledge to screen programmes which no one else would. Stuff like *Comrade Sak* — a one-hour documentary pushed out on a Friday night against Cilla Black on ITV — is an interesting by-product of the expansion of television. It is minority polyfilla, produced to meet a need created by the arrival of Channel 4 but — a crucial difference — Channel 4 was not set up to meet a need for such material.

Comrade Sak resurrects an incident in British history. Mrs Margaret Thatcher has, coincidentally, recently expressed a wish for more domestic stories to be taught in school history courses. She probably, however, did not mean this one. Comrade Sak was Shapuji Saklatvala, Britain's first and only Indian communist MP, elected in 1924 by the voters of the borough the *Sun* calls Battysea.

Born into a rich Indian family, he moved to Britain early in this century to recuperate from malaria, before putting himself before the electorate as a communist. Imprisoned during the General Strike, he was later debarred from America on political grounds and subsequently from his native country for the same reason. On Indian Independence he had opposed Gandhi, insisting that any liberation from British rule must translate at once into a communist state.



A rich biography, then, for a documentary-maker to work with, and not one which will have been widely known. The subject, moreover, an almost parodically perfect representative of one of those minorities which the channel is charged to entertain. "Phew!" you imagine Michael Grade sighing in his Charlotte Street office. "That gets the Indian communist lobby off our backs for another year."

And what did you get on the screen? Well, Tartan TV — the independent outfit for whom Chris Mitchell produced *Comrade Sak* — seems to have been operating on a rather small budget. The epic swoops and twists of Saklatvala's career — such drama! such characters! such atmospheres! — were represented by a single actor at a lectern, reading speeches.

Changes of location would be indicated by captions, so that the story rushed from the House of Commons to Speaker's Corner, while the actor remained anchored in a corner of the studio floor. A plodding commentary filled in those details which could not be provided by Sak's biographer and his daughter, a talking head who almost saved the show.

It was sadly typical of a phenomenon which is the worst — perhaps the only seriously bad — aspect of Channel 4. A story which, it is true, no other channel would have handled or located is thrown away with production values equally unimaginable elsewhere. The great dream of the expansion in the numbers of independent production companies — artistic freedom, a new plurality of voices — is subject to the same objection.

It is worth remembering that the Government's espousal of the belief that anyone with a phone and a video camera could start making programmes was, whatever the speeches they made about increasing freedom, because belt-and-braces programmes are less expensive. The great cultural oligarchies — the BBC, the National, the RSC — have their problems and it is probable that their snobberies and prejudices keep some genuine talents locked out. But it should probably not be forgotten that they also block out a lot of old crap.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

A FEW OF the BBC's less dozy managers are slowly waking up to the fact that the relaunch of the ailing *Breakfast Time* has been an unmitigated disaster.

The programme's editor, Bob "Man at C&A" Wheaton (see *Eyes passim*), along with BBC news bosses Tony Hall and Ian Hargreaves, spent 11 months working on the "revamped" show which finally limped on to the air last autumn. Presenters with a no-nonsense attitude to politicians — Jeremy Paxman and John Stapleton — were replaced by a string of corporation time-servers and yes-men, foremost among them Nick Witchell (aka the Poisoned Carrot), who is best known for his proficiency at crossing picket lines and sitting on lesbians.

Witchell's feebly deferential interviewing style may please his bosses — notably the Government's favourite BBC executive, John Birt — but it clearly hasn't impressed the public.

The relaunch aimed to win back viewers lost over the years to the ineffable TV-am. In fact, with a peak rating of around one million and an average audience of just 700,000, the figures are often worse than under the old regime.

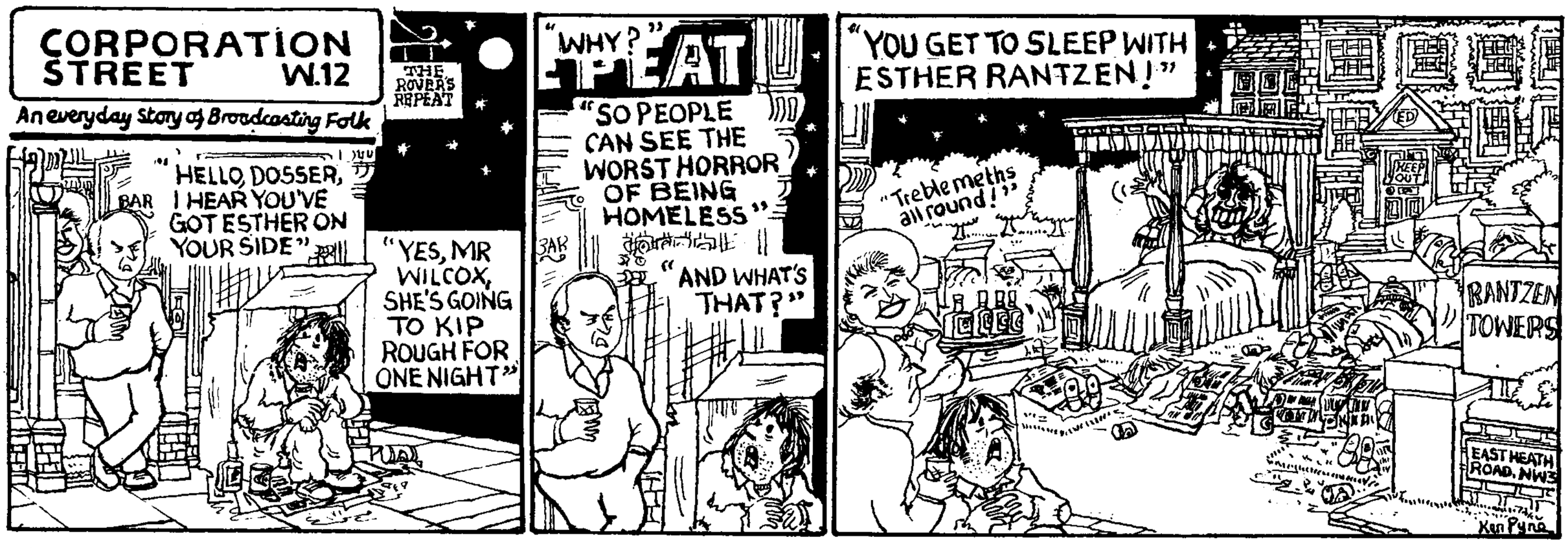
MEANWHILE over at BSB, the *Daily Mail* contingent is finally realizing just how much television it is committed to making with just how little money. (Not to mention talent.)

Camera crews are following hacks and filming their interviews in the hope of turning cheap *Daily Mail* features into even cheaper "Lifestyle" television. The severely anti-telegenic quality of the *Mail*'s staff, particularly the "stars" of the newspaper (*Who they? Ed.*) is hampering the TV people as is a budget that, at the latest rumoured estimates, gives them less per hour to spend on BSB programming than the average radio show.

The biggest problem, of course, is that most *Mail* features nowadays are about how brilliant BSB is going to be. Filming these might just prove counterproductive...

COMPLAINTS have been heard about the Beeb's *Small Objects of Desire* about hamburgers. Some sceptics failed to see the difference between it and an extended commercial for McDonalds.

There was plenty of lingering on McDonalds logos and interiors, but very little lingering on, say, industrial, environmental or health policies. There was very little reference to other brands at all except at one point to say that other burger chains "might" be involved in rainforest destruction whereas McDonalds definitely was not. Why no Big Mac attack?


CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
THE ROVER'S REPEAT
BAR
"HELLO DOSSER, I HEAR YOU'VE GOT ESTHER ON YOUR SIDE"
"YES, MR WILCOX, SHE'S GOING TO KIP ROUGH FOR ONE NIGHT"
"WHY?" BEAT
"SO PEOPLE CAN SEE THE WORST HORROR OF BEING HOMELESS"
"AND WHAT'S THAT?"
"YOU GET TO SLEEP WITH ESTHER RANTZEN!"
"Treble meths all round!"
KEEP OUT
RANTZEN TOWERS
EAST HEATH ROAD, NW3
Ken Pyne

DESPITE his frequent attacks on the "short-termism" of British industry, Richard Branson soon tired of Radio Radio, his imaginatively named broadcasting service.

Run by the amiable Rob Jones, Radio Radio produced seven hours a night of pop programming under the name The Super Station which was bought by dozens of commercial stations. The start-up costs were heavy, but its mix of big name presenters like Jonathan Ross and Bob Harris, and worthwhile newcomers like Gary King, promised long-term success.

Branson couldn't wait, however, and last year sold the Super Station to irritating socialist millionaire Owen Oyston, who has a string of local stations.

Oyston saw the acquisition as a step towards a national network but immediately decided that most of the presenters should go. Who wants to listen to "star names" when they could hear the fresher (ie cheaper) talent already working for Oyston elsewhere. Since then Super Station has limped along with a boring cheeky chappie format presented by non-entities.

Meanwhile BBC Radio One's exciting new spring schedule has been unveiled by loudmouth head of music Roger Lewis. The highlight is the new *Jonathan Ross Radio Show* while other attractions include a new Bob Harris show and a series of new programmes by Gary King. There's nothing like innovative broadcasting...

THE BBC's head of "youf" telly Janet Street-Porter now has ambitions that go beyond getting a free advert for her house filmed as an architectural programme (*Building Sights*, BBC2).

She is at present openly announcing her desire for something that has not been advertised: the post of Head of Light Entertainment, currently held by Jim Moir.

I-SKY

After the baby was born, Fergie phoned her dad, Major Ron, at his home in Dummer, Hants, to tell him the news.

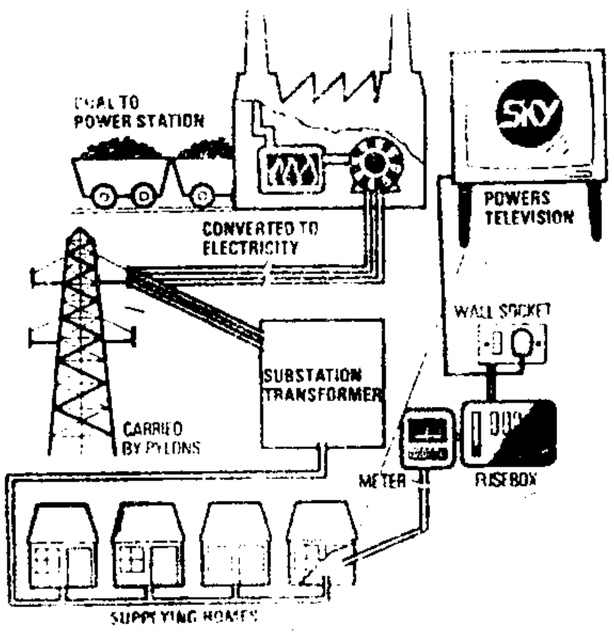
A keen cricket fan, he was watching England play the West Indies on Sky TV.

News of the World

Now that those insignificant statuettes are out of the way, we can talk about What Really Mattered at the Oscars... the clothes.

Thanks to the BBC's lavish five-minute coverage of the ceremony, only Sky viewers will have been able to appreciate the truly horrendous frocks on offer.

Today

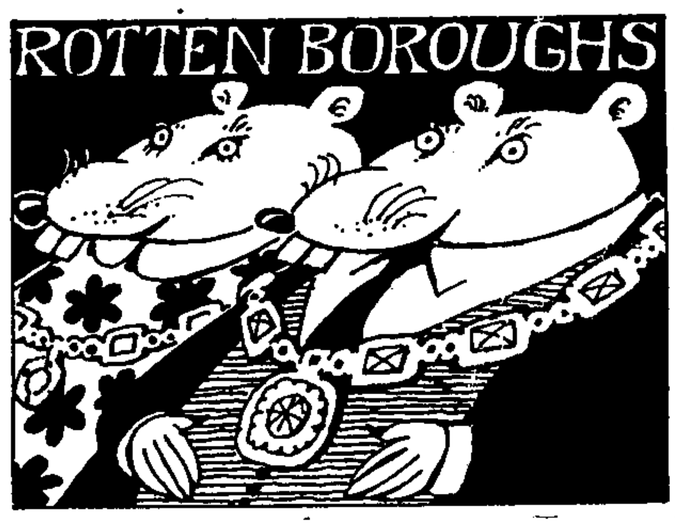


POWER CRAZY... how electricity is made and fed to your home

Sun

CONTRIBUTORS: Phil Woodford, M. Arnold, Christopher Smith.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.



BIRMINGHAM SPECIAL

SENIOR social services managers have reacted bizarrely to the *Eye*'s reports of sexual and physical abuse of youngsters in Birmingham children's homes. Several social workers caught with copies of the magazine have been hauled up before their bosses and accused of being "moles" and threatened with disciplinary action if they are seen reading it again.

This crackdown was ordered by social services committee chairman Ken Barton and the child-care committee chairman, Gerry Moore.

Ambitious divisional manager Tony Flynn has launched a personal crusade to find those responsible for the leaks — not realising that he risks depriving the department of all its top staff (*Er, not quite all — Ed*).

Meanwhile St John's children's home in Erdington was recently the scene of another vicious incident when a youngster tried to escape its violent regime by running away. He was chased and recaptured — but then a senior social worker decided to discourage a repeat episode by assaulting him to inflict maximum pain.

His hardened colleagues were sickened at the violence and have threatened to report him. But they know that if they do so they risk joining the long list of child-care workers suspended or disciplined after standing up for what the department euphemistically calls its "clients".

LATE NEWS: Two more senior social workers have been suspended after a five-month inquiry into an alleged assault in the secure unit at St John's.

FOLLOWING the "gay mafia" inquiry at Birmingham City Council, the director of the consumer protection division, Mr Harry Holding, has been suspended.

Mr Holding was asked to leave his desk one lunchtime by chief executive Roger Taylor. Taylor led the inquiry that was prompted by an article in the *Eye*.

The *Eye* reported rumours within city hall that homosexual favouritism was determining job advancement.

The Labour council made it clear that although Mr Holding had been suspended as a result of the inquiry, the allegations of sexual misbehaviour "have not been substantiated". It added that the council was setting up a special investigative committee to look into Mr Holding's activities but that its brief would not include the original allegations.

Mr Holding, aged 44, will keep his £40,000 salary for the duration of the inquiry.

Meanwhile the consumer protection division has been rocked by another, entirely separate, incident following the arrest of a senior press officer found driving a council van that had been reported stolen.

The officer, Gary Follos, was arrested in Balsall Heath in the early hours of 27 January and was held overnight in police cells. Details of his arrest only emerged some weeks later when he resigned his post.

Officially Follos was responsible for consumer education, but in practice he had access to the inner sanctums of several of the department's most senior officers and effectively ran the publicity side of the high-profile division.

A bemused police spokesman said the council had been able to confirm that the van had not in fact been stolen and that Follos had permission to drive it.

OF ALL THE councillors being investigated for abusing the city's fleet of chauffeur-driven limos, none is in quite the same league as Eddie Rochford.

Rochford is the subject of several pages in the report by auditors Price Waterhouse into the car-pool scam (see *Eye*s *passim*) which has cost rate-payers hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Not only was the councillor given free use of a council car for weeks on end — in defiance of the council's own standing rules — but he also made a series of claims for chauffeur-driven transport during the same period.

According to the report, few of his trips had any sort of council authority.

While Rochford awaits a token grilling by the working party of council pals set up to "investigate" the scam, the city council has been probing another embarrassing cock-up: namely the £11.5 million allowed to build up in rent arrears.

A new team of "ghostbusters" has been set up to catch tenants unawares and retrieve the loot. And who has been put in charge of the operation to trap what he calls "greedy and immoral" tenants? Why Councillor Eddie Rochford of course!

MANCHESTER

POLL TAX payers in Manchester can rest assured that while the community charge may be a Tory tax, their Labour overlords still know a thing or two about spending other people's money.

News has reached the *Eye* of a recent poll tax gathering attended by the city council's Labour leader Graham Stringer and colleagues. They decided not to discuss the unpopular charge in the shabby confines of Manchester town hall but decamped instead to the exclusive and far more comfortable Alderley Edge Hotel in Cheshire.

Sadly, something of a hullabaloo has erupted in the town hall as angry councillors ask what was wrong with a four-star hotel in Manchester and try to discover how the invoice for £1,800 for dinner and overnight accommodation at the hotel found its way into the hands of maverick Tory councillor Gerry Carey.

An interesting correspondence has developed between Carey and administrator Vernon Cressey, who apparently suspects that as hoteliers are the souls of discretion the invoice might have been obtained by skulduggery.

Meanwhile, jealous no doubt of his hard work in uncovering such embarrassing documents, Tory deputy leader John Kershaw and group secretary Roger Bullock have engineered Carey's dismissal from the party while in hospital with heart problems.

There's gratitude.

WEST WILTSHIRE

SINISTER tidings from West Wiltshire where the fraud squad has now launched a major inquiry into the "privatisation" of the district council's computer software company (see *Eyes passim ad nauseam*).

Latest intelligence is that an interloper has been trying to interfere with the investigation by crudely impersonating Inspector Knacker of Devizes CID, either to obtain evidence or suppress it.

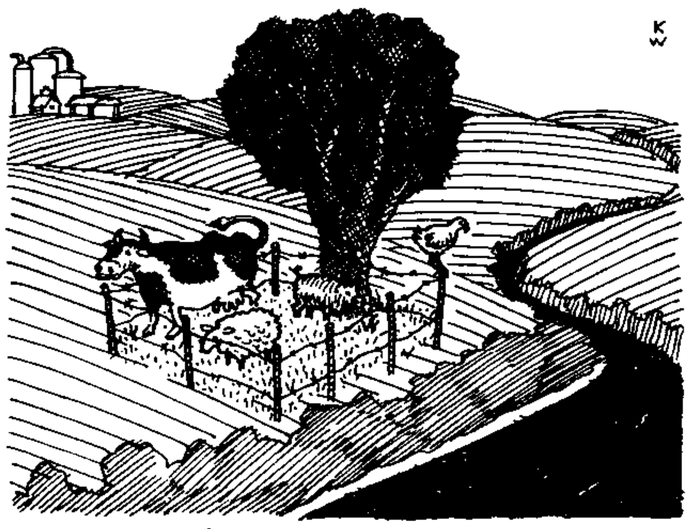
Knacker is not amused by this attempt to pervert the course of justice and has had to set up an elaborate system of telephone checks for witnesses to avoid a repetition.

Police and the district auditor are investigating the "sale" of West Wiltshire Software (WWS), the Conservative council's highly successful computer firm, to West Wiltshire Information Systems (WWIS), a private firm set up and run by former district council officers.

No money changed hands and the "sale" was not put out to tender, even though big computing firms had expressed interest in WWS's lucrative local government software.

The local Labour Party estimates that 50p shares in WWIS owned by former council employees are now worth more than £300 each, and that the transfer has left poll tax payers £20 million out of pocket.

DOWN ON THE FARM



with 'Old Muckspreader'

THE spirit of self-parody at the Department of Agriculture is so inventive that Old Muck wondered if its latest press release was an April Fool's joke:

"Departmental approval for new pesticides will be accelerated so that all decisions will be made within a period of not less than ten years."

The scientists face a backlog of pesticides which have neither been approved nor reapproved. There is a delay of up to 30 years for licences and staffing at the ministry's evaluation unit will double.

This must be the only occasion on record when the Friends of the Earth have lobbied in unison with the British Agro-chemical Association. If Old Muck were a caterpillar, he would be apprehensive.

The John Gummer subsidy machine has devised a new way to pay farmers for not doing something. While accelerating approval for more new chemical mixes for the soil, he is designating a dozen areas that will henceforward be little bits of the Common Market that are forever England.

On a new sliding scale members of the NFU will be paid sums of between £95 and £380 for each hectare not fertilised. New staff will be recruited to administer the scheme. The pesticides lobbies are pleased as impediments to their poisons are removed; while the soft-headed greens are chuffed that a few thousand token acres will be left clean. But notice how, whatever it does, the ministry creates new salaries for itself and new subsidies for its chums!

THE cretinous councillors of Essex County Council who preside over the bogs east of Docklands are busy impeding a new nature reserve on a site of industrial dereliction on Canvey Island. They want to force a public inquiry which will allow the site to be put back to its original use as a hyper-ugly oil refinery.

A few miles along the silted Thames they are trying to obliterate the Rainham Marshes to allow the Music Corporation of America to build a Euro-Disneyland. The council admits that it cannot find the files relating the details of the radioactive waste site for which the marshes were used in the 1960s.

ADVENTUROUS councillors at Rother Valley in East Sussex have just blocked a further attempt to allow Nature to sprout again in the High Weald.

Although 140 acres were to be devoted to birds and beasts, the new woodland park has been suppressed on the ground that it would be too successful. Cars coming to the Ockham House country park might need an entrance gate 20ft wide instead of 12ft wide and the councillors were angry that ducks and swans had already colonised the new ponds without their consent.

News of otters returning naturally outraged them and all this talk of deer and rare breeds offended their sensibilities so the old gateway stays and 40 jobs disappear. This is local democracy at work.

WATCH OUT for a curious new political lobby calling itself "Housing Choice". With five former housing ministers on its letterhead it purports to be an attempt to retrieve the moral high ground from Shelter and the left's agit-prop activities on land use and development.

Housing Choice wants to dissolve the rent acts and to abolish mortgage tax relief for new houses. Yet this bravado is just a screen for their real purpose which is to further concrete the countryside. It is admirable that no ex-agriculture minister would touch them.

Sporting Life

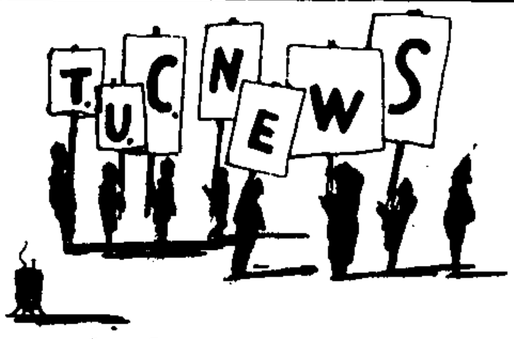
JOURNALIST Greg Wood, publisher of racing's first fanzine, the splendidly irreverent *Racing Ghost*, devoted a whole article in his recent issue to the many unanswered questions that surround the ludicrous stun gun farrago (see *Eyes passim*).

In particular he raised again the peculiar role played by the *Sporting Life* and its wise and sagacious old editor, Monty Court. Monty has yet to explain fully why he lent the *Life*'s name to the try-out of the stun gun at Greville Starkey's farm. And can he state absolutely that no payment of any kind was made to Starkey? Can he confirm or deny rumours that the gun only "worked" at the third attempt and even then in only the feeblest manner possible? And why did he then give huge column space to a lurid story that was patently absurd? The suspicion remains that Monty's longing for a scoop was so great he was prepared to run any amount of old bollocks to get it.

The unfortunate Wood has received the standard solicitors' letter from Mirror Group Newspapers over the serious damage done to Monty's reputation. Presumably any intelligent assessment of the case will have to begin by deciding exactly what that reputation is.

Monty of Pampisford Road, Purley, epitomises the suburban-minded pebble dash racing hack memorably reviled by Jeffrey Bernard after poor old J.B. was pathetically blackballed by the Press Badge Committee. When Martin Trew tried to take up this theme in his *Racing Post* column he too was castigated as a malevolent upstart by the Monty-Jack Millan-George Ennor tendency.

'Major Bonkers'



TUC NEWS

THE agenda of a recent national conference held by a well-known trade union included the usual mass of absurd motions submitted by its Spartist branches. Of note in this case was the number of motions the union's standing orders committee decided could not be debated.

No fewer than 14 were deemed "void for uncertainty of meaning" and a further six were disallowed because they were "not in accordance with the facts". (And this was *after* the committee had corrected errors where it was possible to figure out what the proposers meant even though they couldn't put it down on paper.)

There is only one union whose members can't string a sentence together and who make assertions of fact that are demonstrably untrue — step forward the absurd and near-bankrupt National Union of Journalists!

POLICE 5

THE Greater Manchester Police Corley affair (see *Eyes passim*) has reached farcical levels following the release of former bobby Thomas "Ged" Corley a few months after he was jailed for 17 years for supplying weapons to criminals.

Corley's release and the realisation that all memories of his imprisonment and notoriety must be wiped from the consciousness has rocked the force which thought nothing could surpass the drama of the Stalker affair. Greater Manchester coppers are now asking themselves how a man has gone from being considered a corrupt and evil copper one minute to a fine, upstanding family man and innocent victim of evil conspirators the next.

It appears that high-ranking Manchester officers planned to have Corley convicted as a scapegoat for a host of intra-force misdemeanours and trawled Manchester's underworld offering bribes to find criminals willing to nail him.

Two local supergrasses now say they lied at Corley's trial last year. And it also emerged at the recent appeal court hearing that freed Corley that vital evidence which may originally have cleared him was deliberately withheld from lawyers.

If, as alleged, Corley was set up by coppers with an axe to grind, helped by crooks intent on lying to ease their own plight, it is possible that Greater Manchester's detective squads may go the same way as those in the West Midlands where the entire serious crimes squad was recently disbanded.

To add a ridiculous sub-plot to proceedings, it appears that the West Yorkshire police officers who were brought in to sort out Greater Manchester's mess could soon be in the dock themselves over their treatment of an innocent Manchester bobby who volunteered to help them with their inquiries.

Debbie Jones, a Manchester WPC who contacted West Yorks with fresh information about the Corley case, was driven 30 miles against her will from her north Manchester home to the West Yorks police bunker in Huddersfield. Once there, she was accused of lying, reported to the Director of Public Prosecutions for allegedly attempting to pervert the course of justice and suspended from duty.

The Police Federation is non-plussed. It claims the officers who dealt with her breached procedure. If that claim is upheld then West Yorkshire Police could themselves become the subject of an investigation by another force!

Letters

Smear test

Sir,

Two years ago the Indescribablyboring published a comprehensive smear on Colin Wallace and myself, written by its ace Northern Ireland correspondent, David McKittrick.

In response Colin opted to complain to the Press Council about the offending article, whilst I waited until my financial circumstances improved enough to be able to sue.

Happily I have now found a lawyer prepared to present my case, but because I am not naturally a litigious person, and because the recent Press Council's findings upheld all of Colin Wallace's complaints, I contacted the Indescribablyboring with an offer.

I asked them to send an open-minded journalist to examine all my evidence and if he found it contradicted that of their "ace", McKittrick, to allow him to publish his findings. In return I would cease all legal actions. Fair? I thought so, in view of the fact that McKittrick, despite an offer to the same facility, turned it down at the time of his publication and since, when your letters column offered it to him.

The response from the ex-saintly Whittam-Strobes was interesting. He refused, but made a counter-offer, he would generously allow me a right to reply two years after the smear was made.

When I read of the "Code of Practice" originating from this man do I detect a certain amount of humbug?

Yours sincerely,
FRED HOLROYD,
Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

Automatic transmission

Sir,

I am indebted to Private Eye for two pieces of information hitherto unknown to me: first, that I own a Range Rover; second, that in my wildest moments, I have ever thought of installing a fax machine in a motor car.

Yours faithfully,
MAX HASTINGS,
Daily Telegraph, London E14.

Fundaments

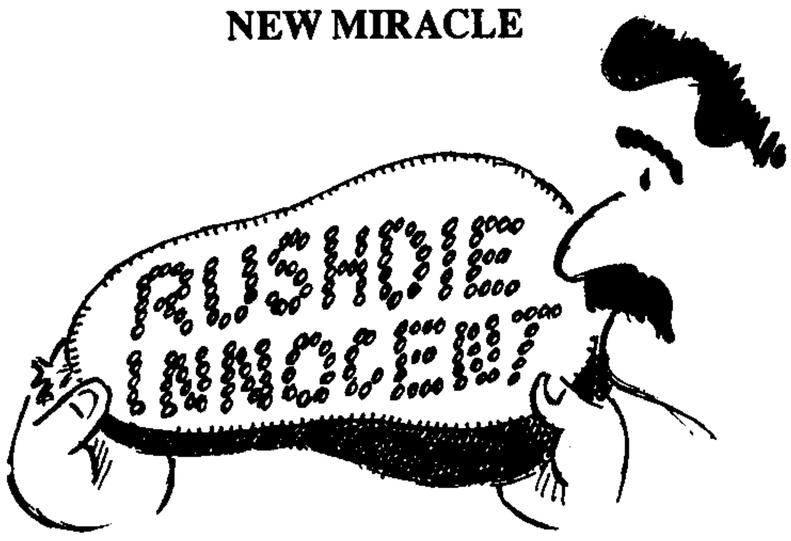
Sir,

In Eye 737 your egregious cartoonist McLachlan shows a spirited old woman foiling an attempted mugging by shouting that she is being robbed by Salman Rushdie, whereupon a horde of Asians appear to batter the would-be mugger. However, the Asians are portrayed not, as one would expect, as Muslim fundamentalists, but as their traditional foes in the Indian subcontinent, bearded and beturbaned Sikhs.

Has McLachlan got his ethnics mixed up, or was he trying to make a subtler point which has eluded me?

Yours sincerely,
R.L. JEFFCOATE,
Liverpool.

NEW MIRACLE



O.B.N.

Queen Mum's £5

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced that a £5 coin will be issued in August to honour the Queen Mother's 90th birthday. He has made the vulgar suggestion that some of the coins will be made in mere base metal. Let all the coins be made of pure gold: nothing less will do.

Evening Standard

Submitted by Tom Innes.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

Gas bag

Sir,

Whoever wrote the extraordinarily ill-informed article "Gas-fired central cheating" in your Business News section (Eye 738) must be a stooge of either the loony green movement, the coal industry or the worldwide nuclear conspiracy.

The wretch's worst offence was to repeat the misinformation now being spread by a strange alliance of British Coal and Friends of the Earth, that natural gas — methane — is itself a worse contributor to the greenhouse effect than the carbon dioxide and sulphur given off in such large quantities by burning oil and coal. While it is true that the effects on the atmosphere of a given amount of methane are worse than the same amount of carbon dioxide, the amount of methane actually being discharged is less than 2 per cent of the amount of carbon dioxide being released. Furthermore, less than 10 per cent of these methane losses are attributable to the natural gas industry: far more significant discharges are due to animals farting and swamps bubbling.

I assume you don't want to be bored by detailed refutations of your correspondent's laughably mistaken arguments about the size of gas reserves and the efficiency of gas-fired power generation. But bear this in mind: the coal and nuclear industries face the loss of big markets to gas, and it's not surprising that they are fighting back with all the weapons they can muster. Slightly more surprising is the anti-gas stance being adopted by the greens: I assume they don't like industrialists and engineers stealing their righteous thunder. But then it's industrialists and engineers who will keep the lights burning into the 22nd century.

Yours etc.,
PATRICK HEREN,
London NW3.

Life boy

Sir,

I am prompted to write to your esteemed organ following the article concerning Life (HP Sauce, Eye 738). The Life group may only be deemed "political" in the way that any other human rights group is considered political: one of its aims being to obtain legal protection for the rights of unborn children.

As to the "mystery" surrounding the issue of why the Life group needs the money when it is not possible to have a legal abortion in Ulster, the group has many other tasks. One of these is to support and protect those mothers who wish to resist the pressures from family, friends and society to have a "termination".

This support may involve finding emergency accommodation for those made homeless by unsympathetic families. It can extend to providing cots, prams, nappies and all the other paraphernalia of parenthood.

Yours lovingly,
PETER WARD,
(not a member of the Life group)
Jersey.

Easy listening

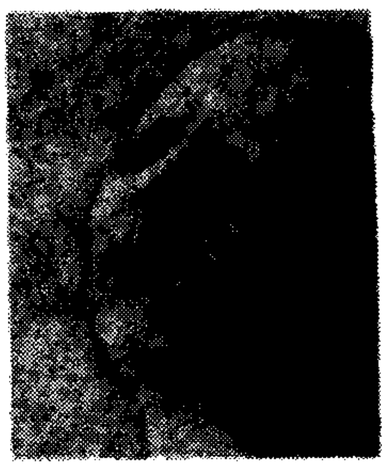
Sir,

I really must protest against the misleading article in last week's Eye which characterised Jazz FM as a radio station playing records by Cliff Richard and Tommy Steele.

I have monitored Jazz FM most carefully and never once heard a record by those artists. Instead, I have been entertained by a constant stream of fierce jazz from the likes of Edmundo Ros, Bert Weedon and Sandy MacPherson.

Yours indignantly,
GEOFFREY HAYDON,
London N2.

Lookalike



Thatcher

Eve

Sir,

I don't know whether you've noticed, but there's a startling resemblance between "The Thatch" and Eve in Masaccio's "Expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden".

Yours, in expectation of a fiver,
EDWARD HART,
London N16.

On the shelf

Sir,

I was very surprised to read in Private Eye dated Friday 30 March 1990, that my book "They Don't Pass Anyone on Friday Afternoons!" has been withdrawn from sale. Not because it was untrue, but because this all happened last October.

True, the British School of Motoring were so incensed by the text that they issued a high court writ for libel, and the book was subsequently withdrawn. What you have not mentioned, perhaps because your informant did not tell you, is that the high court writ was subsequently withdrawn and the book was re-published and is very much alive and well and living in W H Smith Ltd! Well, some of their branches anyway, and their head office have assured me that any of their branches will be happy to take orders placed by the public.

Yours faithfully,
R HARROD,
Dilton Marsh, Wilts.

Diary of a Nobody

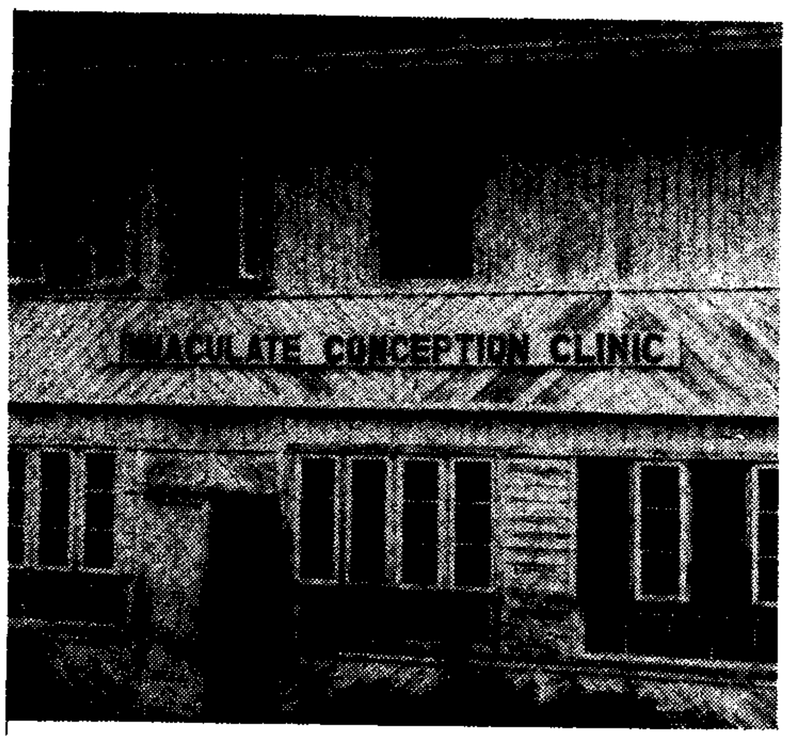
Sir,

As well as those inaccuracies pointed out by "Bookworm" Nicholas Garland's **Not Many Dead** *(Eye, 30 March) contains at least one serious omission. It is this: when the so-called Hawkey/Mullins prototype of the Independent was test-marketed in July 1986 (a prototype which the angst-ridden and waspish Mr Garland spends a great deal of time rubbishing, along with those who gave it their support), its appeal was found to be "very much centred on its distinctive and striking appearance", a look which the sample of the target audience tested considered to be "clean, crisp and inviting" and "very well designed".*

For the founding editors to have ignored such an important piece of market research was, to put it mildly, a bold move. Why, then, does Mr Garland make no mention of it in his book? Did he not know about it, or was he so preoccupied with Pooteresque tittle-tattle that its significance simply escaped him?

Yours faithfully,
RAYMOND HAWKEY,
London W11.

I-SPY *Luzon, Philippines*



Submitted by S. Mummery. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Rubber goods

Sir,

Victoria Gillick is right to draw attention to the fact that there is no such thing as totally SAFE SEX, even with the help of the condom. However, in one sentence she makes three statements which cannot be allowed to pass uncorrected, referring to AIDS carriers, immediate infection, and an irreversible death sentence.

There is no such things as an "AIDS carrier". Surely the difference between HIV infection (the virus) and AIDS (the related illness) is now well known.

It is not true that it would take only one tiny accident with a condom and the partner would be immediately infected.

HIV infection does not necessarily happen every single time anyone takes part in a risky activity that could transmit the virus. It may be that some people are more susceptible to getting it than others, or that susceptibility may be related to the general state of health at the time.

An irreversible death sentence is not a certain consequence of one unsafe sex act. Neither is there sufficient evidence at this stage to know that all people infected with HIV will go on to develop AIDS. Different research studies have shown different rates of developing AIDS amongst groups of people who are HIV positive. The statistics are based on quite small samples and more promising therapies are being developed to protect the immune system and control the virus. The life expectancy of people with AIDS is constantly rising — and it is not helpful to pronounce a death sentence based on a slip of the condom.

Victoria Gillick may certainly seek to entertain and amuse with her writings — however if she seeks to educate then a closer check of the facts would be helpful!

Yours faithfully,
CYRIL IVES,
Director, The Lantern Trust,
Waltham Abbey, Essex.

Small pricks

Sir,

I was sorry to see Victoria Gillick perpetuating the myth of the Mysterious Failing Condom (Letters, Eye 737). It is high time you poor trusting men woke up to the oldest trick in the book. Since no woman likes to admit forcing a man to have a child whether he will or not, the standard, time-honoured tradition is to wait until he is out of the way and then stick a pin through the centre of his sealed condom packets, kept handy in a bedside drawer, etc.

Considering the fact that all our efforts to deal with environmental issues will be in vain unless we control our population, and that vasectomies are not only reversible but also increase libido, what are you all waiting for? Get out there and do your bit for the planet: get snipped!

Yours faithfully,
BARBARA WEST,
London, SW4.

Innocent victims

Sir,

Is the Lord Denning quoted in the (Sally Deedes, Eye 738) piece as asking "Does the Government consider that justice should involve the interests not only of the accused but also of the victim?" the same Lord Denning who in 1988 said of the Birmingham Six appeal result "It is better that some innocent people should remain in prison rather than that the system of justice should be brought into disrepute".

If he is, then he should realise that going on evidence known to the authorities today the Birmingham Six were and are both accused and victims.

Yours faithfully,
FRANK McLYNN,
Munich.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"We don't condone the looting and violence. But the police used a water cannon to put out a lighted match and inflamed the situation."

STEVE NALLY, Anti-Poll Tax Federation
(Michael O'Neill)

"You know what they say — don't get mad, get angry..."

EDWINA CURRIE, BBC2
(Jonathan E. Cleal)

"Football today would certainly not be the same if it had never existed."

ELTON WELSBY, ITV
(Andrew Young)

"Those are the sort of doors that get opened if you don't close them."

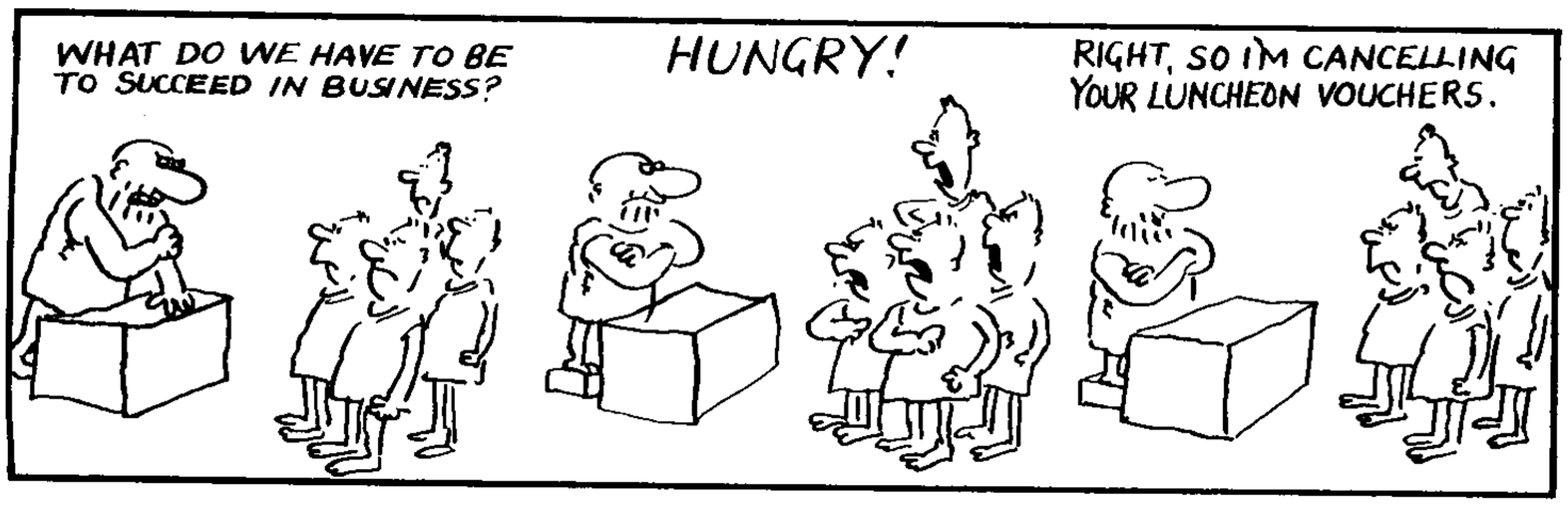
TERRY VENABLES, ITV
(H. Schouwenburg)

"It was so tangible I could almost reach out and touch it."

BISHOP OF BRADFORD, Radio 2
(Mick Clark)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from
Buenos Aires

From Our Own Correspondent

FROM EXILE in Panama in 1956 Juan Peron worried that "one of those intelligent men" might have taken over the government. He needn't have worried, then or now. Indeed, as one wit remarked here last week, with Peron's return in 1974 Peronism showed itself to be little more than words. Under Carlos Menem it isn't even that.

Indeed, there is a strong sense of the last days of imperial Rome about Buenos Aires at the moment with Menem playing Nero and the country's infamous elite, his court, indulging in the last hedonistic fling of summer. All the while the local currency slides off the exchange rate scale and hyperinflation — only 79% in January — gnaws away at the bones of the economy.

The current "O" level economic strategy revolves around closing the banks every few days — strikes oblige if you can't justify this by other means — forcing anyone who has them to flog US dollars. That forces the free market exchange rate down and allows ministers to claim that their economic strategy is working.

Not surprisingly, such a tack has seen off six Central Bank presidents and four finance ministers (at the last count) since Menem took power last year. To be fair, not all have resigned. One died before taking office while a second reportedly died of a heart attack only minutes after receiving his first month's inflation figures. This end did at least have the merit of saving him from the clutches of Interpol, by whom he was wanted for tax evasion in Venezuela while posted there as head of Bunge and Born, Argentina's largest company.

Indeed, the extent of the government's discredit can be measured by the actions of one recent Central Bank manager who swore he would print no more australs until inflation was beaten. Within hours of his resignation it was revealed that he had personally ordered the acceleration of the printing presses by some 40 million australs per month — or was it per week? In one month last year some 25 per cent of the increase in the money supply was attributed to mint workers running off A.50,000 notes to pad their own rapidly-depreciating salaries.

What will they think of next? Not much, it seems. Undeterred by previous experience, there are already demands for a *mano dura* strongman to sort it all out. Indeed, two ex-colonels cashiered for launching military uprisings against the Alfonsin regime are already travelling the country on what can only be described as campaign tours (who says democracy's skin-deep here?) More than a few Argentines have suggested General Pinochet — "so much relevant experience" as one cab driver put it — should retire to the National Palace in Buenos Aires with at least advisory status.

But while waiting for something to turn up, one last fling seems to be the message from the top. Last month even Menem's longsuffering wife Zulema said she was worried about "Carlito's" womanising. Now his sister-in-law and personal secretary, Yoma, has started dating Saul Ubaldini, the Peronist trade union supremo who represents the biggest obstacle to el presidente's latest get-tough economic package. "Forget the economy, this could really be a crisis," as one columnist put it last week.

Not to be outdone, the newly-expanded British embassy staff have lost no time in going native. At least one senior diplomat is doing his best for queen and country with a not-poorly placed local hackette, less than half his admitted age. As they never tire of saying or proving here: "*Que kilombo* [whorehouse] *es Argentina*!"

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

I had a mysterious call some time back from Old Oyster-Eyes who I hadn't seen since the time he was shifted out of the bed next to the door in the Cabinet, and we went out and got hogwhimpering drunk at the East India and Sports. Would I care to join him and a few friends at the Carlton Club for a spot of lunch – "to chat about the old days"? Boris immediately smelt a rat, but you know I'll do anything for a few free ones. So yesterday found me spruce and thirsty on the steps of the Carlton on the stroke of half past eleven.

Oyster-Eyes was already ensconced in a little private bar just off the main concourse and out of sight of the three times lifesize portrait of Margaret that hangs over the stairs. "Ah, Thatcher!" he cried, leaping to his feet and spreading his arms wide in welcome. "These are stirring times, what?" I was hoping he would offer me a drink, but instead he pointed to a brick on a silver tray on the table beside him. "Chucked in by the mob through the door of the downstairs Gents on Saturday afternoon. Old Rusbridger who cleans the silver had the fright of his life. Caught him smack on the back of the neck just as he was doing his flies up".

It transpired that while you and I were pottering about at Huntercombe last weekend the capital erupted in flames. Very much what you and I used to get up to on Boat Race Night, but ugly in the hands of the wrong people, i.e. every Trot and Bolshie not in Broadcasting House with nothing to do that afternoon.

A dry smacking of my lips brought Whitelaw back to his senses, and I was soon plugged into the Electric Soup, the world looking a good deal rosier. "This Waddington chap they've got now," I opined when the dust had settled. "He doesn't seem to me to be up to much. In the old days we would have rounded up all those Reds and given them what you used to call a Short Sharp Shock." "Thing is, Thatcher," the old boy ruminated rumpling his chins. "It's not quite as simple as that. Chaps overseas with money in the City take a rather dim view of burning motor cars. Don't ask me why, I've never understood the Stock Market, but there is something called Confidence, a fragile bloom at the best of times, and for many years of course Margaret has been superb, quite superb in, ahem, tending that bloom. Don't think for one moment we don't all appreciate what she did. Another drink?"

As Old Silvester tottered over with a second jug of the Club Soup, it struck me that there was something a little eerie in the use of the past tense by our fishy-faced friend. " 'Did'?" I asked.

"We must look ahead to ninety-two, Thatcher. You will be a very old man, drink probably getting on top of you, memory going, an embarrassment to your family and friends, in no state to be capering about for the press monkeys with all their clever-dick questions."

At this point the door of our little sanctum opened, and Mogadon stuck his head round. "How's it going?" he said to my surprise. "Come along in, Geoffrey. We were just talking about the old days. Drink?" Mogadon accepted a bottle of Auld Jimmy Carter's Kentucky Rye, and we were joined by the Senior Back Bencher, someone called, I think, Onsleigh-Bagshott, a pretty depressing cove and clearly in the grip of a fierce hangover. Conversation was then fairly torpid till about half past two when we went in to lunch, Howe having tried something about some new curtains his wife had just had made, and Bagshott telling us how he'd lost four hooks fishing in the Doon, wherever that is.

Usual disgusting potted shrimps covered with half an inch of rancid butter, followed by Graveyard Stew served by some old boy who had clearly only recently been released into the community from one of our geriatric institutions. Whitelaw chomped away for a bit, Bagshott's hangover clearly getting worse and worse as he tried the Hair of the Dog in vain in the form of silver beaker after silver beaker of the Club's Spanish Infuriator.

Finally Whitelaw came to the point. "Reason we asked you here, Thatcher, is that it is plain to all of us that Margaret has been, ahem, rowing the boat, pedalling away, well beyond the allotted half hour: superb contribution, let no one underestimate, etc". At this Howe and Bagshott mumbled agreement through their mouthfuls of stew. "But now the Boating Pond Superintendent is calling 'Come in, Margaret, your time is up'! You, Thatcher, know your wife better than any of us" (I thought at this point I heard Mogadon say "Thank God" into his bread roll but decided to ignore it, the poor sod having quite enough to put up with in that department himself, and the Elder Statesman continued on his Olympian way.)

"We feel that she is the last person however to lay down her oars on hearing the call 'Come in, your time is up', however peremptory the tone. But Margaret is a compassionate woman, a woman capable of very deep feeling where personal matters are concerned, witness her tears when your beloved son was lost in the desert." I refrained from giving any view on the boy Mark and waved for another jug from the walking mummy. "This is where you come in, Thatcher. Geoffrey here has roughed something out for you to say, I'm sure Bell and Co will polish it up and put in a few jokes. That man in the dressing gown can help if you like. Geoffrey?"

Poor Mogadon was then obliged to pull a tattered envelope out of his pocket, and to intone as follows: "I am an old man. I am sick. I am tired. I implore you, Margaret, to have pity on a faithful spouse who accompanied you along life's nature trail at considerable expense to his wallet and personal dignity. You are at your prime, with many years…" At this Onsleigh-Bagshott gave a grim laugh before clutching his forehead in pain, "still to enjoy at the top. But I plead with you to make this great sacrifice for the sake of our marriage."

All was silent apart from Whitelaw munching on the stew and the slow returning tread of our ancient waiter. Howe kept the envelope in his hand, blinking at me to see how it had gone down. "Surely something along those lines will strike a chord?" "It certainly would. A chord of B bloody sharp major and jolly loud. 'You, Denis, have let yourself go. You are a pathetic wreck. You have brought this on yourself by your excessive self-indulgence. Pull yourself together. I have no sympathy with whingers, whiners or defeatists.' Read it to her yourself."

Faces fell at this, and the Club Cherry Crumble failed to do anything to dispel the mood of gloom that ensued. As we dispersed I distinctly heard Onsleigh-Bagshott, who was peeing in the next stall to Whitelaw, saying it looked as though it was going to have to be the Ceausescu Treatment after all.

Have you got the tickets for Portugal? Your man de Freitas at Student Travel International said we would qualify as minors if we showed a local library ticket. Could you get a couple from your friend Commander Waddilove?

Yours enjoying a last cigarette,

Denis

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

TRUE STORIES

ILLUSTRATED BY BERT KITCHEN

COMMENTING on the release of Nelson Mandela, Mr Jack McCann, a solicitor from Ballymena, said: "Among her presents on Christmas Day 1967, my daughter, Peggyann, found a cuddly little black-man doll, whereupon she announced that she had been given a golliwog. 'Never use that word again,' I told her and, holding the doll, said: 'What you have here we shall call Nelson Mandela after the black hero who has been in prison for five years as a result of his beliefs. You will put him back in his box until Mandela is released.' Well, 22 years later, on Sunday 11 February 1990, we took Peggyann's Nelson out of his box and sat him on the easychair in front of the TV to watch his namesake's release. The hero Nelson had white hair but ours did not look a day older."

DURING her interview, Miss Easter Board, a salesgirl of Wollescote, near Birmingham, said: "I was serving a customer when I happened to glance up at the television monitor and saw this man — who I recognised, but could not place — stuffing pairs of underpants into his overcoat pocket. Then I called Mr Conference, the manager of our department, and he said: 'That is PC Roger Dudley.' Straight away I remembered that he was the chap the local police had sent round to lecture the staff on Crime Stoppers in Department Stores."

ASKED to explain why he had annoyed two magistrates of Luwembu District Court, near Lusaka, by his "interminable yodelling", Mr Matale Aliffelli said he regretted being a nuisance, "but I had to call attention to my long-overdue registration in the famous *Guinness Book of Records*. Music," Mr Aliffelli continued, "forms no part of my claim. I am the only person in the world who is able to emit sparks. When I blow my nose in a darkened room, minute but luminous particles come out of my ears. Likewise from my lower quarters when I pass wind. But there will be no need to mention that in the *Records*. In addition to this unique facility, both of my index and middle fingers are joined by a membrane, or web. Although this is not so rare — studies show that one person in 500,000 has this peculiarity — the combination of sparks and webs demands my registration."

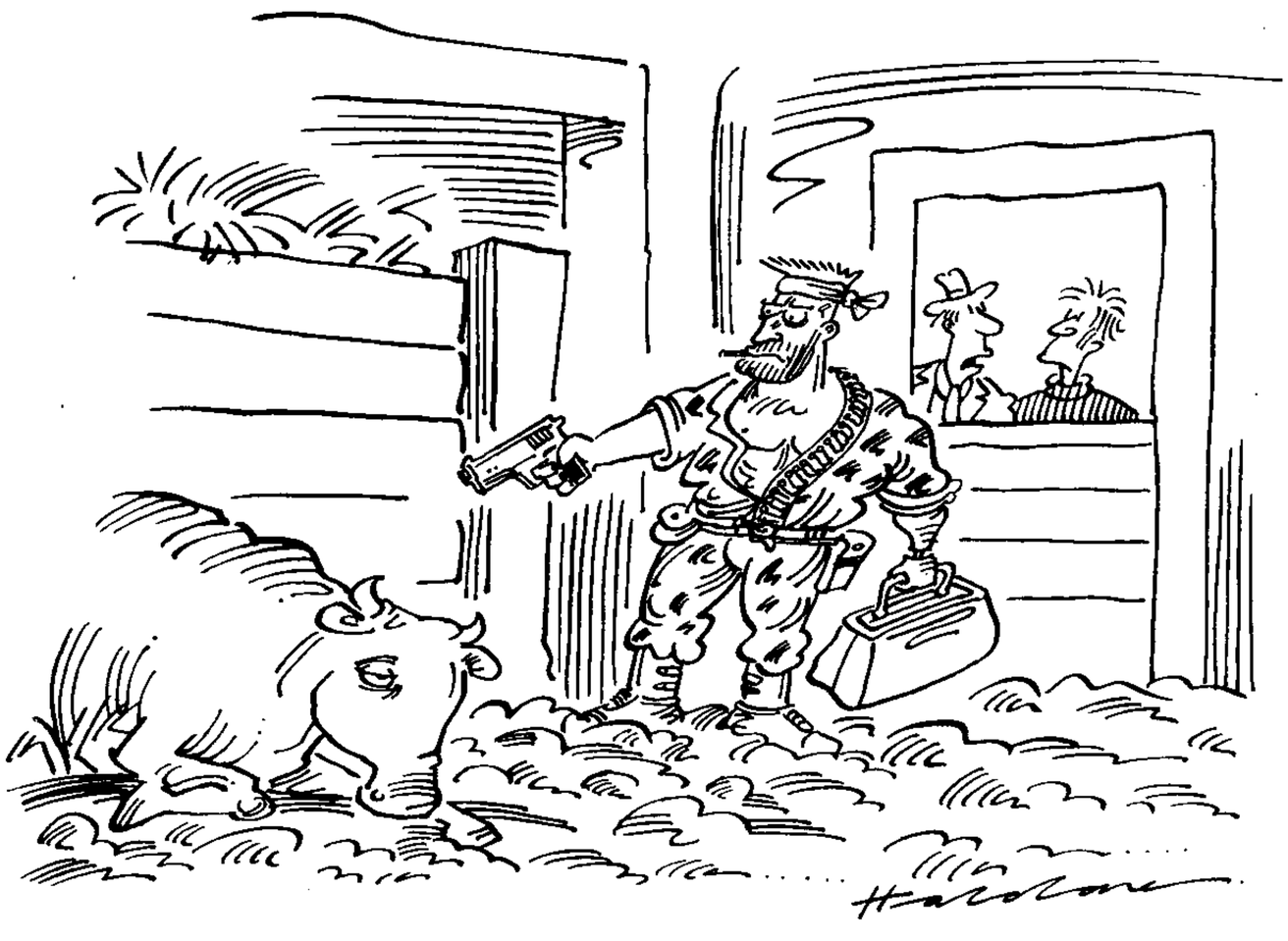
MR MICHAEL Milken, an executive of Drexel Lambert Inc, who is on remand while facing 98 charges of felony and 27 of fraud, was brought from gaol to San Diego's Lakeside Paradise Hotel to be guest of honour at a banquet organised by the Mexican and American Foundation after he had been elected their Man of the Year.

DETECTIVE Inspector Teng Yi of the Taiwan Traffic Police said: "Miss La Liu and Miss Bebe Yeng are the first teenage girls to have attempted purse-snatching from a motorcycle. They sped through the Taipei pedestrian consumers mall and snatched 14 bags in about 50 seconds. They had no shame. Then, according to passers-by, Miss Liu, the driver, turned sharply for what looked like a return run, and they both fell off. When questioned, Miss Liu said: 'I don't know anything about it,' and Miss Yeng said: 'My dark glasses caught on a handbag strap and movement did the rest.' "

NAMED as 'America's Safest Teenage Driver', Mr Michael Doucette died in his car while asleep at the wheel.

INFORMATION: Ballymena Guardian 15.2.90; Zambia Daily Mail 24.1.90; Birmingham Post 21.2.90; Miami Herald 8.2.90; China Post 13.2.90; Hartford Courant 25.2.90.

MONITORS: Mary Kelly, Anon, James Rodgers, K.P. McGowan, W.F. Leigh-Pemberton, Peter Rutland.



"He's a Vietnam vet"

● Nine men have appeared in court after the Hackney poll tax riot.

One was sent to an attendance centre for 36 hours for growing tomatoes, another was fined £250 for spitting at a police officer and a third £50 for disorderly behavior.

Nottingham Evening Post

Shatner wins

William Shatner, better known as Captain James Kirk of Star Trek, won an earthly court battle yesterday in a dispute over breeding rights to a stallion. A judge ruled that Shatner had not agreed to a lifetime breeding agreement with Lexington horsewoman Linda Johnson.

South Wales Echo

APOLOGY

We would like to extend our apologies to Hallmark Cards for any offence caused by the feature *Creators of Crap*. None was intended and we would like to thank Hallmark for their help whilst researching the feature.

Ms. London

HOUSE OF COMMONS
OFFICIAL REPORT

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES

HANSARD

(continued from page 49)

Mr Speaker: Order, order!

Mr Neil Windbag *(Flanelly, Lab)*: The Prime Minister must be totally hopping with total delight at these riots, so she can totally blame it on the Labour Party.

Mrs Margaret Thatch *(Washedup, Con)*: That's a good idea. I blame the Labour Party.

(Huge cheers from Tory benches.)

Mr Roy Hatinring *(Muslim, Tory)*: I would like to put on record that I utterly and totally dissociate myself from mass riot, arson and lynchings of the type we have seen over the weekend.

Mr David Noddingdog *(Greyman Wilts, Con)*: So you admit it! *(Huge Tory cheers)* The Labour Party are inciting people to break the law. Is it any wonder that Neil Kinnock was seen hurling a brick at an innocent police horse in Tottenham Court Road?

(Tory cries of "Shame!")

Mr Roy HattersRushdie *(Muslim, Tory)*: I would like to make it abundantly clear that I have nothing but praise for the way the police gallantly charged at the demonstrators. Their behaviour, as indeed mine, was exemplary.

Sir Bufton-Tufton: There was only one word to describe what we have seen on our televisions. That word is whisky, I mean wickey, I mean wicked. Goodnight.

(Continued in bar)

Question-mark over Mandela-Thatcher meeting

by Our Diplomatic Staff
Chief BrutalanLazie

Mr Nelson Mandela has let it be known that he may not after all have a meeting with Mrs Thatcher when he visits Britain.

Although a keen supporter of the Prime Minister, Mr Mandela is known to have been saddened by her reiterated commitment to the armed struggle in Britain.

"All the great movements in history," said Mr Mandela, "have been violent. Gandhi, Vaclav Havel, and the invasion of Rome by the Ostrogoths *(Some mistake, surely? — Lord Dacre)*..."

Mrs Thatcher is 98.

THE ALTERNATIVE VOICE

Each week **Dave Spart**, editor of the *Prisoners Against the Poll Tax* fact sheet, comments on an issue of topical importance.

■ As the Tory media sickeningly and predictably attack the working class for alleged acts of looting during the anti-poll tax Battle of Trafalgar it is totally predictable the way er... they totally ignore the identity of the real chief looter in our society, i.e. Mrs Thatcher, when you compare the amount of money she has looted from ordinary working class men and women already victims of the poverty trap created by high interest rates and police provocation, er... through privatization of water, electricity, gas etc it is obviously totally minimal when a handful of protestors vent their justified fury by kicking in the windows of the capitalist strongholds and removing goods which are rightly theirs, i.e. videos and that which have been made by the working classes and are therefore rightly their property er... as I say when you compare *(continued p. 94)*

DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
AS THE VENUSIAN ARCH-FIEND'S GRIP ON POWER SLACKENED, HER ERSTWHILE TOOL, THE DREADED SKULLMAN THREW HIS HOOD INTO THE RING. . . .
FOR THE SAKE OF UNITY, I'M GOING TO SPLIT THE EMPIRE IN TWO.
THIS MEANS CIVIL WAR.
NOT WITH ME AROUND. BASTARD SCUM GITS!
YES. IT'S UNCIVIL WAR.
COLONEL DAN DIRE AND PIGBY WERE QUICK TO DISTANCE THEMSELVES FROM THE CLASS WAR CRIMES. . . .
WE OPPOSE VIOLENCE UTTERLY, TOTALLY AND VIOLENTLY!
NOT AS VIOLENTLY AS US.
SAY THAT AGAIN AND I'LL SMASH YOUR TOREEN FACE IN!
YOU'RE DEAD DIRE!
PIFFLIN' PARTY POLITICKIN'!
BUT DASHING REBEL LEADER HAN SOLOTINE WAS FIGHTING A MORE SUBTLE CAMPAIGN. . . .
YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO DESTABILISE THE MAGGON.
NONSENSE. I'M SUCCEEDING!
HE'S BLOND, POWER-CRAZED AND MAD!
HE GETS MY VOTE!
AS THE PLANET POLTAX DISINTEGRATED AND THE MAGGON'S HOMUNCULAR SECRETARY WADDINGTON PANICKED, THE EMPIRE STRUCK BACK. . . .
SMASH THE POLLTAX AND THE WINDOWS OF THE SPUD-U-LIKE IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE!
YEAH. RIGHT, COMRADE!
THIS IS THE WORK OF A SMALL BAND OF HIGHLY-ORGANIZED EXTREMISTS.
YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU SHOULD RESIGN AT ONCE, YOU TOREEN FIEND!
WHAT'S WADDINGTON'S GAME?
WELL IT'S NOT DIPLOMACY.
BUT AS THE FLAMES FLICKERED IN MAGGONTA, CAPITAL OF THE MAGGON'S MAGGON EMPIRE, THE MAGGON (Get on with it — Ed)
THERE IS NO VACANCY!
EXCEPT BETWEEN YOUR EARS.
ZAP
POWER ON! AND ON AND
SHE'S STILL AN ELECTION WINNER.
YEAH. FOR THE OTHER SIDE!

That winning Oxford crew puts Britain on top of the world

by Our Men On The Tideway
Quentin Crewe and Rabbi Lionel Dark-Blue

Stroke: Joshua D. Rosenberg, 38, educ. New Dworkin Law School. Weight 4½ tons.

2: Hiram J. Pipesucker, 32, educ. Harvard and Yale. Weight: 49 litres.

3: Cagney N. Lacey, 47, educ. 17th Precinct High School, Syracuse. Weight: 48 Magnum.

4: Admiral Poindexter, 62, educ. White House Press Corps and various Congressional enquiries. Weight: This information is classified.

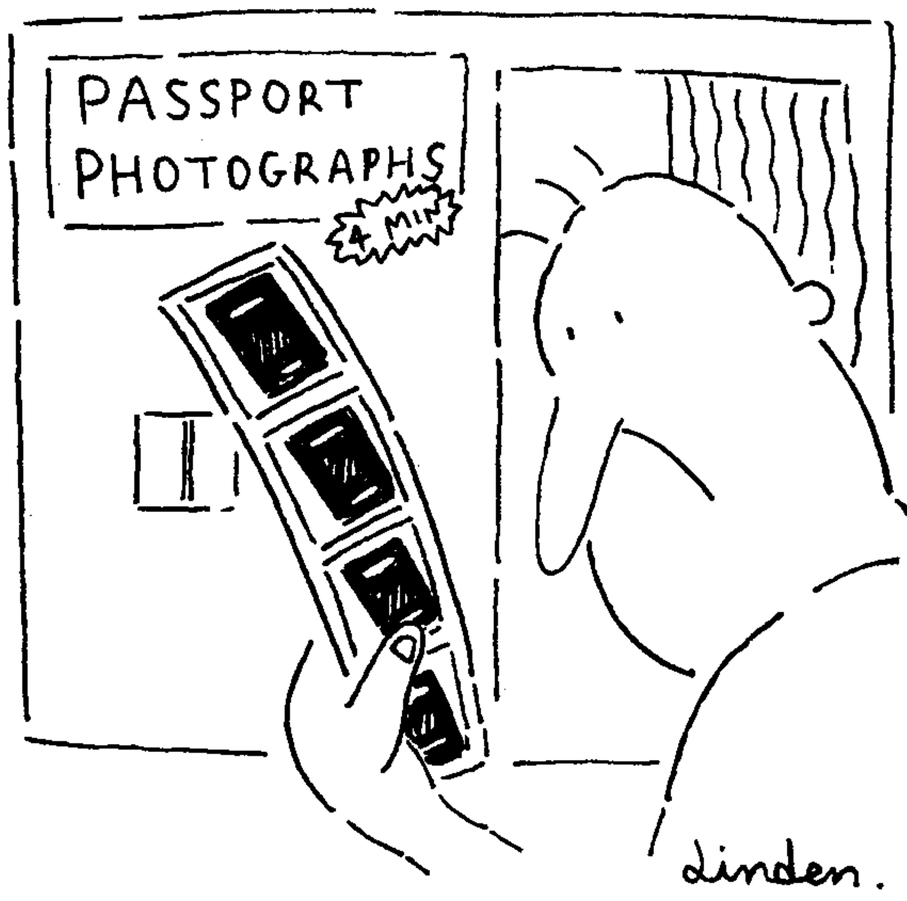
5: Sylvester J. Schwarzenegger, 35, educ. UCLA and MIT (grad. Summa cum Laude in Surfing and Frisbee). Weight 250 hp.

6: The Hon. Andreas Whittam-Fayed, 20, educ. Eton and Christchurch. Weight: 12st 3oz *(Shurely shome mishtake?)*

7: Conrad J. Blackzinski, 54, educ. Univ. of Tornto. Weight: $200 billion.

Bow: Popeye The Sailorperson, 104, educ. University of Spinach. Weight: Mighty strong.

Cox: Shirley Temple, 14, educ. privately while under contract to MGM. Weight: 1 oz.



Birmingham Six 'quite possibly' guilty

Knacker's shock claim

by Our West Midlands Staff
Rhoda Rotunda and John Bullring

Inspector "Knacker of the West Midland Crime Squad" Knacker yesterday flatly rejected the findings of a TV drama series that the Birmingham pub bombings had in fact been committed by the IRA.

Inspector Knacker — who last month suspended himself on charges of falsifying evidence, along with 579 of his colleagues — told a press conference: "We always knew that there were more than six people involved. We knew who they were. But we decided that six was quite enough to be going on with.

"In fact," the Inspector went on, "we always used to call them the Birmingham 57. It is just a travesty of justice that the other 51 slipped through our net, due to staff shortages in the Bogus Confessions department."

Inspector Knacker further claimed that known members of the IRA were behind the campaign to free the guilty men.

"They're everywhere," he said. "Television, the media, the House of Commons, the Church. Even the police force has been infiltrated up to the very highest level by the men of violence."

Inspector Knacker is 73.

New in the Eye

Yes, It's Law Courts Rhyming Slang

Enormous fee	**Top QC**
Silence in court	**Gone for a snort**
Court of Appeal	**Garrick Club meal**
Bundle B	**Time for a pee**
Majesty of the Law	**Knock off at four**
Lord Lane	**Wrong again**
Vintage Port	**Contempt of court**
Carter Ruck	**EXPLETIVE DELETED**
Fudge	**Judge**
Justice Michael Davies	**Rabies**
M'Learned Friend	**Money to spend**
Smoked Salmon sandwiches	**Aggravated damages**
Writ	**EXPLETIVE DELETED**
Justice Popplewell	**Extremely good man**

(That's enough slang. Ed.)

POETRY CORNER

**In Memoriam
Peter Jones,
Sporting
Correspondent**

So. Farewell
Then
Peter Jones.

The referee
Has looked at
His watch.

The final whistle
Has blown.

It's all
Over.

Yes, they were
Your catchphrases.

Keith thought
You did the
Voice-over

For *Hitchhiker's Guide*
To The Galaxy.

But I gather
You didn't.

E.J. Thribb (17½)

Great Bores Of Today.

"… Afrika Afrika riffin' boo yaa yo yo ice-t hip hop rap rap warrior warri warri awesome chillin' fly chillin' fly awesome boo yaa don't let peer pressure get you down Flash Master def happenin' happenin' happenin' happenin' riot in Lagos blaster doin' it Ka$h da Masta phase four funki ziphood ziphood sparks for the kids street slam yo lo-top MC Duke rap warrior boo yaa don't quit wreckin' crew outlaw posse posse future kool kulture skool awesome baad speak on reality boo yo thank you very much good night…"

WHERE AM I? WHERE AM I?
IT'S OKAY, MR BLOKE. YOU'RE IN HOSPITAL.
WHAT'S GOING ON? EVERYTHING'S A BLANK.
YOU'VE BEEN UNCONCIOUS BUT YOU'RE QUITE SAFE NOW. RELAX.
WHEN DID I PASS OUT THEN? WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?
I'M A NURSE. NOW CALM DOWN. EVERY-THING'S ALRIGHT.
I BLOODY WELL HOPE SO. LAST TIME THIS HAPPENED I FOUND OUT I'D GOT MARRIED.

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles has watched the rioting on television and decides that there is only one word to describe it.

Now read on...

CHARLES stared in disbelief at the scenes of violence just a stone's throw from his London home. Flames leaping up, cars overturned, young men smashing windows and looting videos. It could have been Soweto or some other third world country.

But to think that it was in this "Green and Pleasant" land, the land of Shakespeare and old churches with their stained thingies and children singing hymns...

And now it had come to this. Charles switched off the television and walked gloomily to the window.

Outside on the verdant Highgrove lawn, a gaily coloured Spurling went about its task gathering material for his nest. Daffodils danced in their springtime glory while primroses beamed their Eastertide greetings beneath the gnarled old Ridley pine.

Trafalgar Square seemed almost three hundred and twenty five miles away.

He could understand the frustration of the young. He could fully comprehend their sense of outrage.

This tax was unfair, unjust and... he thought hard for the *mot juste*. But it eluded him.

These were young people. His people, whose hands he had shaken on his visits to their workshops and communes in the inner cities. He remembered the assistance he had given to the chap with the unusual spiky hair who was making organic cricket bats in Stoke Newington from recycled cardboard boxes; the young Scots boy covered with tattoos, one of which resembled the Duchess of Windsor surrounded by dragons, who had ambitions to establish an independent record company devoted to Gaelic Hip-Hop, whatever that was; the young pregnant girl who wanted to set up an aromatherapy clinic and use the profits to save the mosquito.

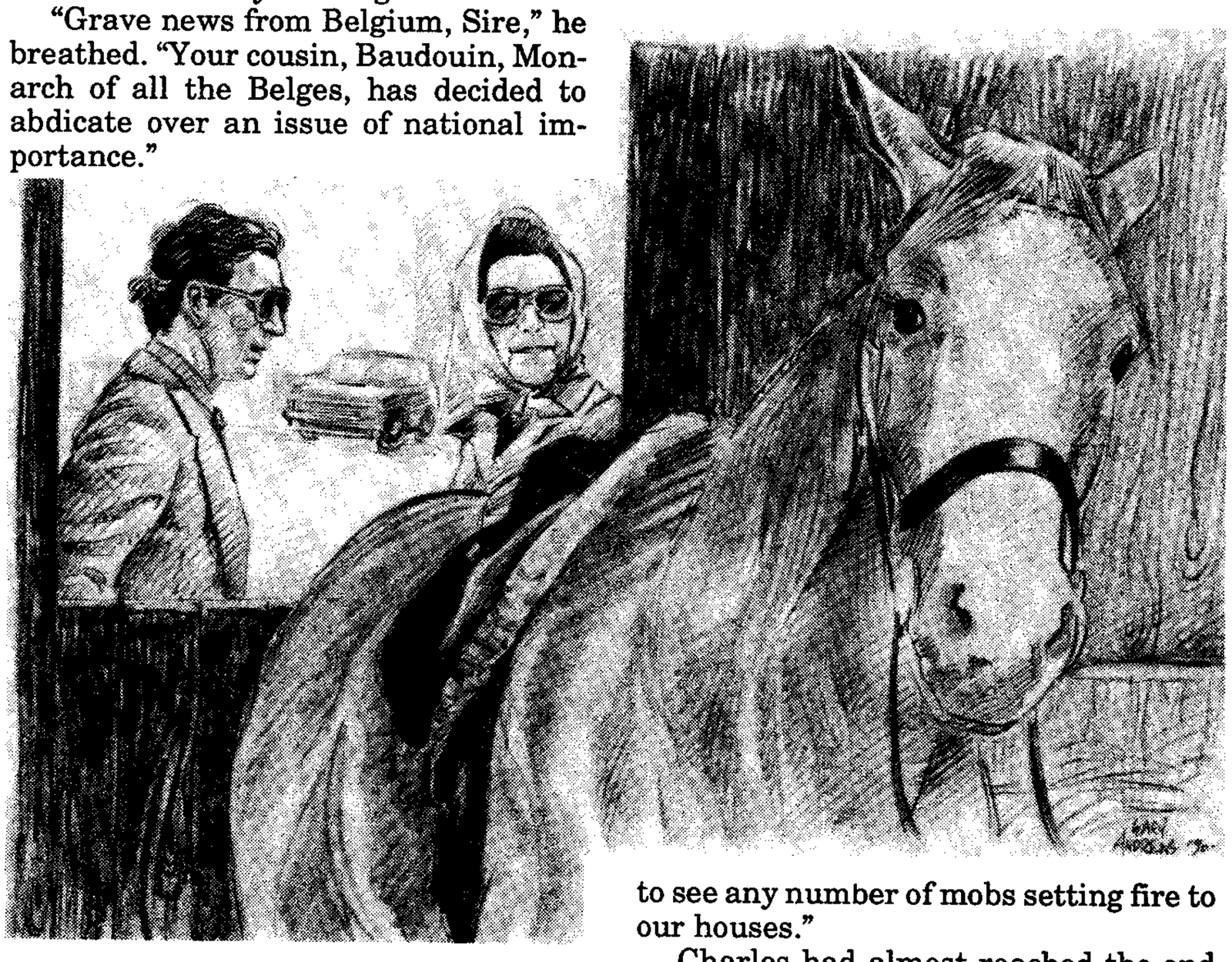
Now, in a few mad, insane moments, all this had been dashed asunder and destroyed. What was it that his old friend and mentor, Sir Laurens van der Post, had said in one of his darker moments?

"It only takes an instant for the volcano to erupt, but it takes an eternity for the dust to settle."

How very true that was and at the same time how very sad.

A knock disturbed his reverie and in shimmered the figure of his equerry Sir Alan Fitztightly, his face tanned from his recent holiday in Tangiers.

"Grave news from Belgium, Sire," he breathed. "Your cousin, Baudouin, Monarch of all the Belges, has decided to abdicate over an issue of national importance."



It took some time for the message to sink in. Baudouin? Abdicated?

Fitztightly elaborated. "He has found himself at odds, Sire, with what they call over there Le Gouvernment."

Charles nodded, "Ah, oui."

Fitztightly moved closer and whispered.

"Baudouin has announced that it is a matter of principle."

"YOU see, mother, it's sort of a matter of principle." Charles and his mother stood looking over the half-gate of a stable at the gleaming futtocks of Eugenie NatWest, the Queen's champion chestnut gelding, being lovingly groomed by the faithful trainer Rothschild.

The Queen pointed to the hind grollocks of the powerful steed.

"Isn't he a marvel, darling? He's out of Daihatsu Queen by Safeway's Boy."

Charles was finding things rather difficult. He had come with the full intention of having a heart-to-heart with his mother on the subject of abdication and conscience but the conversation kept returning to horses.

"This poll tax," he persisted, "is appalling."

The Queen nodded. "He needs the firmer ground."

Charles' cheeks flushed with an unnatural passion.

"Mother, please concentrate. They are setting fire to London. Your Government is provoking the nation to riot. Something must be done."

"Oh that," said the Queen, taking a sugarlump from her Sheraton Hughes handbag and offering it to the eager Eugenie NatWest.

"There's always something like that going on. Great Uncle Georgie was always having his windows smashed and you've only got to look at the scrapbook to see any number of mobs setting fire to our houses."

Charles had almost reached the end of his tether. He banged his fist on the gate.

"I'm talking about Abdication. Cousin Baudouin has shown the way. Surely it's time for *me* to make a stand?"

The Queen turned and walked back towards the royal Landrover.

"Don't be silly, Charles. You can only abdicate if you're me. Which of course you are not. And if you carry on with this sort of nonsense you probably never will be."

The gelding snorted and Charles felt a strange empathy with the tethered impotent beast.

To be continued

CLASS WAR

Those targets in full

In the ongoing war against the ruling establishment, there are ~~inevitab~~ ~~innevit~~ always casualties. However they are a necessary ~~addjunk~~ part of the bringing down of the upper class ~~oligaga~~ system. That is why the following targets were singled out by our warriors in last Saturday's heroic battle against the oppressors.

1. "Casa Fratelli", Italian Cheese, Charlotte Street. Purveyor of Italian comestibles, owned by Fratelli family.
2. "Nick-Nax — Last-Minute Birthday Gifts a Speciality", Goodge Street. Purveyor of Snoopy posters and Garfield badges. Owned by Mrs Small-piece.
3. The Apollo Kebab House, Rathbone Place. Purveyor of Turkish late-night cuisine. Owned by brothers Donner and Sheesh Kubab.
4. "Hang On A Minute!" Purveyors of photographic development services. Also Fax Bureau and Colour Photocopying. Owned by Mr Perkins (90).
5. Patel's Newsagent and Tobacconist, Tottenham Street. Fine-quality magazines and cough sweets by the till. Owned by Eddie Patel.

(That's enough totally inappropriate targets — Ed.)

"We've got a very thorough Crime Watch organisation in this street"

Prison riots – 'Criminals to blame' claims Waddington

by Our Prison Staff
Sir Roy Strangeways

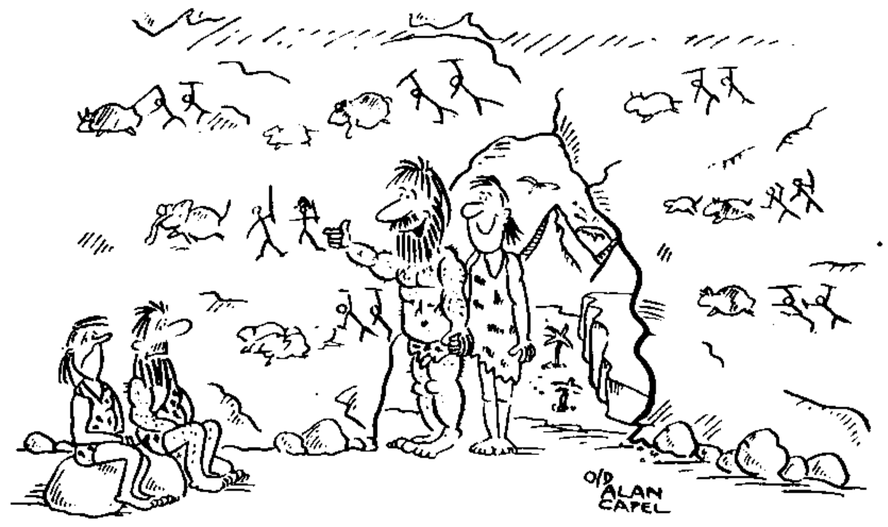
The Home Secretary, David Waddington, yesterday said that he had conclusive proof that the riots in Manchester's Strangeways jail were instigated by "criminals".

He told a packed House of Commons that, according to his information, the violence had begun as a result of deliberate action by "elements who are known to the police as troublemakers".

"They had," he continued, "infiltrated a peaceful demonstration of ordinary inmates and *incited* them to confrontation with the authorities."

Labour Shadow Home Secretary Mr Roy Hattersley strongly attacked Mr Waddington's claims, saying he agreed with everything Mr Waddington had said. He added: "I believe those responsible should be locked up in prison for a very long time."

David WaddamIdoinginthisjob is 73.



"And this is another one of us hunting..."

PRIVATE EYE EXCLUSIVE

The 200 most boring people in Britain

(continued from Page One)

Andrew Sinclair. Novelist. Author of *The Breaking of Wind* (1962). **76th.**

Michael Ignatieff. Broadcaster and columnist. Possibly Canadian. **77th.**

Robert Robinson. Veteran broadcaster and bore. Compere of long running TV show *Call My Bore* and radio's *Stop The Bore*. **78th.**

Jane Asher. Author of *Cakes All My Life, Cakes For Kids, Party Hats, More Hats And Cakes, Cakes — I Gottem: An Autobiography*. Married to independent cartoonist Nicholas Garland (135th), author of *Not Many Read*. **79th.**

John Rae. Formerly Headmaster of Westminster. Now director of Laura Ashley Foundation. Author of *I Was A Famous Headmaster*, and hundreds of "Why, Oh Why?" pieces in the *Daily Mail*. **80th.**

General Sir John Hackett. Former General and author of *I Was A Famous General* and *The Third World Bore. Campaigns include Any Questions, Question Time* and "Letters To *The Times*". **81st.**

Robert Elms. Style commentator and winner of the Benny Green Award for Most Boring Newcomer About London. Author of *The Crasher*, a story about a boring man who writes about style. **82nd.**

Stan Gebler Davies. *(That's enough bores, Ed.)*

Hong Kong — how the points system works

by Our Sellout Staff **Fu Man Chu Wot a Scorcha**

The Government today spelled out its plan to admit up to 50,000 Hong Kong residents to Britain, on the basis of a points system.

Points are awarded in the following manner.

● **If you are extremely rich and already own the freehold of an agreeable house in Berkshire, score 20 points.**

● **If you are professionally qualified as a brain surgeon, astronaut or chartered accountant, score 10.**

● **If you are a thrusting, dynamic, entrepreneurial high-fryer with an interest in opening a chain of ethnic fast-food emporia, or in completing the Channel Tunnel, score 25.**

● **If you have recently starred in** *Alan Whicker Goes To Hong Kong And Meets A Lot Of Very Rich Bores*, **score 15.**

● **If you are a member of any of the following clubs — White's, Garrick, Triad, 20 points.**

● **If you will guarantee to vote for Mrs Thatcher in the next election, 50 points.**

● **If you are anyone else, 0 points.**

How You Rate

10 Points — Stay where you are, go to jail, do not pass go.

20-30 Points — Good in bed, but watch your cholesterol levels.

50-60 Points — You have won a holiday for 2 in Docklands, plus a night on the town with Mr Justice Michael Davies, Britain's Number One Fun Judge.

Over 1000 Points — Welcome to the Cabinet as Britain's first Oriental Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Huge storm over Tory points plan

Mr Norman Tebbit shocked Tory back benchers today by rising from an earth-filled grave at sunset to denounce the Government's plan to allow 250 top merchant bankers from Hong Kong to enter the UK as fully-registered Community Charge payers.

"This makes a nonsense of everything we promised Britain in the last three elections," said Count Tebbula. "We pledged ourselves to keep out all darkies and if they think they can slip through the net by pretending to be yellow then I shall resign from the Cabinet again."

"Incidentally," added the much-loved Chingford vampire, "I pledge my full support to Mrs Thatcher, and I hope she drops dead tomorrow."

Adding his voice to the growing chorus of opposition to the Government, Mr Gerald Kungfumann said: "This plan is neither fair, nor fair. Either we should give the opportunity for everyone in Hong Kong to come to Thatcher's Britain — though why they should want to is a mystery beyond my comprehension — or else we should ban the lot of them. Of the two, I favour the latter. However, the Labour Party's position on this matter is crystal clear. We haven't a clue what to do."

On Other Pages

Labour lead soars to 84% p.8.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The effects of the riots nationwide

SIR — In answer to your request to readers for their eye-witness experiences of the recent poll-tax riots which rocked a large area of Britain, measuring 10.6 on the Richter Scale, I here set down for what it is worth how this appalling disaster affected one small community here in the West of England.

Last Saturday afternoon, at approximately 2.46 pm, I was sitting quietly in the Snug Bar of the Lamb & Flag, awaiting the televisualisation of the Boat Race along with a small but select group of old university men. The group consisted of:

1. Myself (Oxford);
2. Lt. Col. Buffy Frobisher (Cantab);
3. Mr N. Balon (neutral).

Imagine our horror when, instead of the familiar sight of Mr John Snagge sitting in his launch, we were treated to a so-called "newsflash" reporting that the whole of London was ablaze. This was followed by film of a huge angry mob rampaging through the streets, breaking windows and throwing bricks at innocent police horses.

It was clear to us all that the entire social fabric of the country was in danger of collapsing, and it could not be long before every corner of the kingdom was engulfed in a tidal wave of anarchy. We had not a moment to lose. With his customary presence of mind, our host Mr Balon bolted all the doors, while Lt. Col. Frobisher and myself descended to the cellar to form an Emergency Government of National Security to protect the local population from the threat of mindless disorder. Our first priority was naturally to assemble a supply of emergency provisions for what could well turn out to be a long siege. To this end we assembled the following:

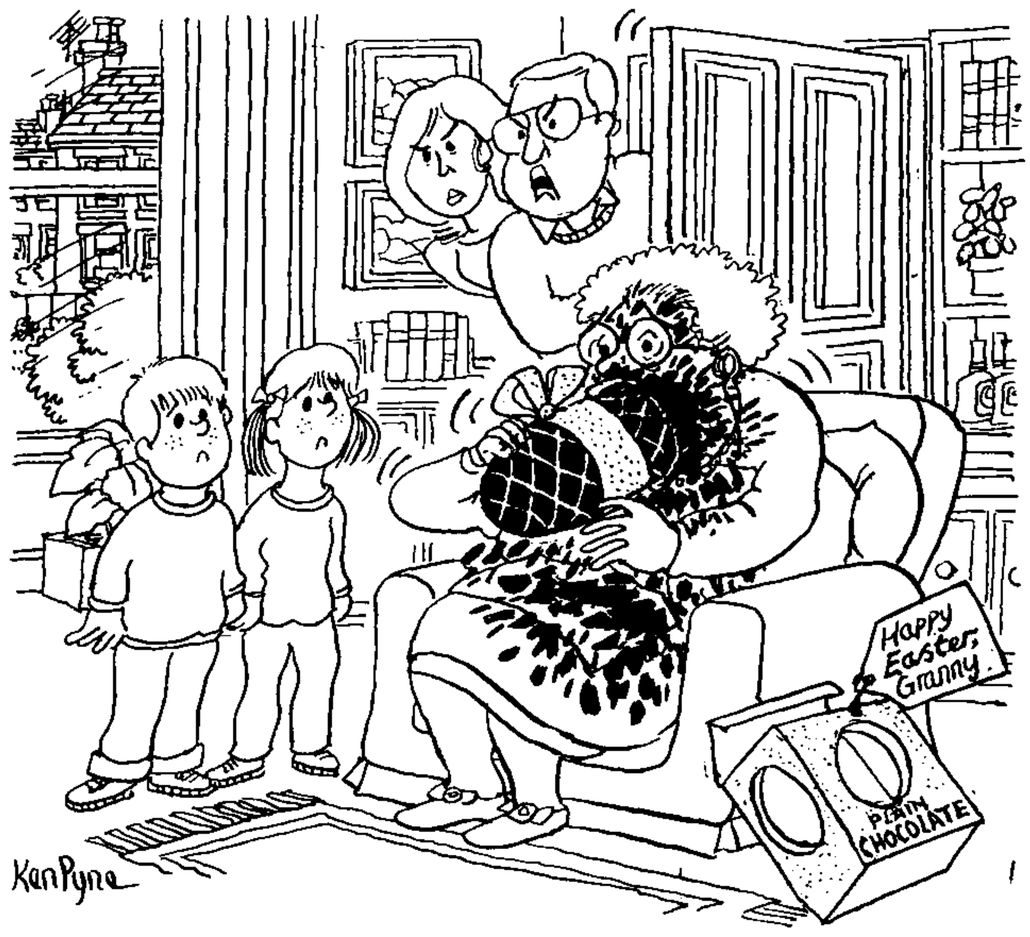
5 cases Jeffrey Bernard's Finest "Old Wino's" Perestroika Vodka ("The Stuff The Tsars Used To Drink").

2 half-bottles Slimline Tonic.

1 packet Old Salman Rushdie's Prawn-Vindaloo-Flavoured Satanic Pork Scratchings.

Two days later, when we deemed it prudent to emerge in search of further sustenance, we were horrified to discover that most of Britain had been destroyed by a gigantic earthquake. Naturally we at once again took refuge in our underground redoubt, where we remain, sir,

Yours faithfully,
SIR HERBERT GUSSETT
Somewhere in Western England (which we cannot reveal for security reasons)
The Lamb & Flag
Delirium St. Tremens
Dorset.



"How many times must I tell you not to teach your grandmother to suck eggs!"

EXCLUSIVE TO ALL NEWSPAPERS

Glenda on Glenda

At 55, Glenda Slagson is to stand as Labour candidate for Neasden North. Glenda Slagg talked to her.

Pictures: Gavin Jurke.

"ANOTHER sugar in your tea, love?" The voice is unmistakable as she plonks a chipped mug down on the floor of her Victorian kitchen. We both sit cross-legged in a room that is spartan, efficient and yet feminine and warm. It exactly reflects the actress herself *(I thought it might — Ed.)* as she tells me about Labour's policies for urban renewal in the inner cities.

I look at the face, older now with grey hairs streaking the flaming gold — a face we all remember from *The Music Lovers*, *(fill in sub)*, and so many more.

But now it is plain, scrubbed, sans make-up, exactly reflecting the actress herself *(We get the idea — Ed.)*.

"Honestly, love," she declaims as she stands in the bay window and stares out across the overgrown garden. "That's what people need. I've never been afraid to speak my mind. I'm a northern lass at heart."

We laugh and I decide to be blunt in return *(I bet you weren't — Ed.)*. How would she cope with exchanging international megastardom in such films as *The Music Lovers* and *(fill in again, sub)* for the humdrum obscurity of the Labour back benches?

"They've got to elect me first, ducks."

We laugh, and she strokes a stray cat that has climbed onto the window sill.

"There are too many homeless folk nowadays, what with this poll tax and everything... caring... sharing... Neil Kinnock... hardest role of my life... all the world's a stage... was that alright, love? Oh dear, I've dried... Vote Labour..."

I leave her reflecting that the media have hyped the whole thing up absurdly — she is, after all, just another Labour candidate.

I sympathise as my photographer sets up for an afternoon's shoot, and I ring the editor to hold at least three pages *(Make it four — Ed.)*.

NEXT WEEK: Glenda on Seb. This candidate will run and run.

Modern History

Core Curriculum Pt 94.

The dates children must know

1911:
Margaret Hilda Thatcher born.

1979:
Margaret Thatcher becomes Leader of the Conservative Party.

1980:
Edward Heath condemned to death.

1982:
The Battle of the Falklands. Victory for British forces under Mrs Thatcher.

1983:
The Battle of Scargill. Mrs Thatcher defeats Baron Scargill.

1984:
The Battle of Wapping. Mrs Thatcher and her general Prince Rupert of Murdoch defeat rebel Queen Brenda and her hordes of print workers.

1984:
Mrs Thatcher re-elected with 90 per cent of poll.

1988:
Mrs Thatcher re-elected with 99 per cent of poll.

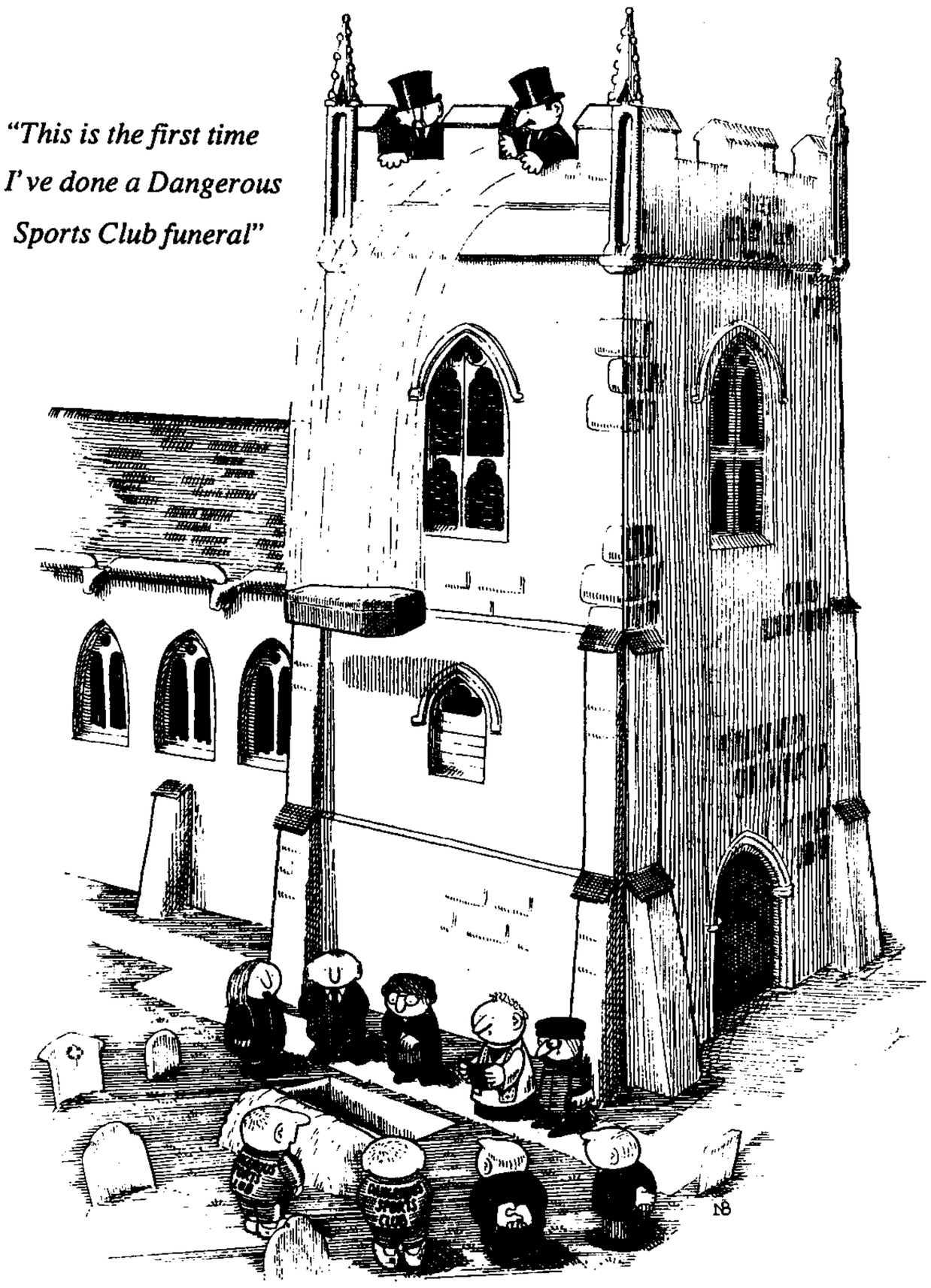
1990:
The Poll-Taxer's Revolt. Mrs Thatcher crushes anarchist insurrection.

1991:
Execution of Michael Heseltine.

1992:
Mrs Thatcher re-elected with 100 per cent of poll.

(That's enough dates — Ed)

"This is the first time I've done a Dangerous Sports Club funeral"



IN THE COURTS

The case of Limpley v. Toady Newspapers. Day 6.

The case resumed today before Mr Justice Cocklecarrot.

SIR HARTLEY REDFACE QC *(for Viscount Limpley):* My client, the well-known member of the Royal Family *(winks at jury)*, is a quiet, retiring celebrity whose only wish is to get on with his traditional craft of making exquisite chairlegs for the gentry in his Fulham workshop. Imagine, if you will, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the shock and horror that must have been experienced when this humble artisan opened his copy of the *Today* newspaper…

MR JUSTICE COCKLE-CRACKER: I had understood that *Today* was an radio programme, Sir Hartley, featuring Mr Brian Redhead and Mr Rabbi Blue.

Massive tremor of sycophantic laughter rocks court, leading to reports of earthquake measuring 0.1 on the Richter Scale.

SIR HARTLEY: Ha ha ha. Your Lordship is on good form today. But, if I may resume, I would ask the jury to examine Exhibit A in Bundle B, a copy of the newspaper in question carrying the headline on page 94 reading ROYAL HOORAY THROWS SCOTCH EGG AT BARMAID. I submit that it would be hard to imagine a graver or more serious libel on a future King of England.

MR JUSTICE COCKLE-PARROT: This is a grave matter indeed, so grave that if there is any member of the jury who has ever read a newspaper or been tempted to do so I must ask him or her to stand down. Of course, they would have to stand up first.

Renewed tremor of obsequious guffaws rocks courtroom. Later, in cross-examination, Lord Limpley handed out coloured brochures for his latest range of conservatory furniture, including a wooden watering-can (the 'Fergie').

SIR EPHRAIM HUGEFEE QC *(in cross-examination):* Lord Lager, is it or is it not true that, on the afternoon of 23rd July 1985, you did deliberately and with malice aforethought project an egg of Scottish origin at the person of Miss Sharon Cleavage, who was at the time employed as a barperson at the Stoat & Condom public house? Answer yes, or yes, if you please.

LIMPLEY: I am a member of the Royal Family. Normally I would not take notice of a question of that kind. But I feel that, in this case, where a serious charge of Scotch-Egg abuse has been levelled against me, that it was my duty to defend the honour of the Royal Family and that of the British nation as a whole…

COCKLEPATRIOT: Hear, hear!

HUGEFEE: I must object, Your Honour.

COCKLEPUREE: Quite, Sir Ephraim. I ask the jury to strike from their memories any idea that I side with the plaintiff, though, of course, you may think I do. I shall now take this opportunity to sum up.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, when you come to consider the sum of damages which you will shortly be awarding to His Royal Highness the Prince Viscount, you must bear in mind the cost of a Scotch Egg. Or you may consider the price of a Chinese takeaway, a canteen of cutlery, or a holiday for two in Benidorm. You are not to think of a Mickey Mouse telephone directory, or indeed of my dear old Hispano-Suiza car, which I bought, I remember, in the spring of 1912. I recall my wife and I visited Florence that summer, and were particularly struck by the beauty of the Mustaccios in the Capella di Cappuccini. I expect, ladies and gentlemen, you are all familiar with those delightful frescoes. Or, on the other hand, you may not be. It is for you to decide.

I hope, ladies and gentlemen, I have mad myself clear. And now you must retire, as indeed many people think I should. But I have news for them. I am enjoying this job far too much, and getting a good deal of mileage out of it *(winks at* Telegraph *man asleep on press bench)* — which is more than can be said for my poor old car, which was taken off the road in 1932 *(dabs eye gently with wig).*

The jury then retired and returned with their verdict two minutes later.

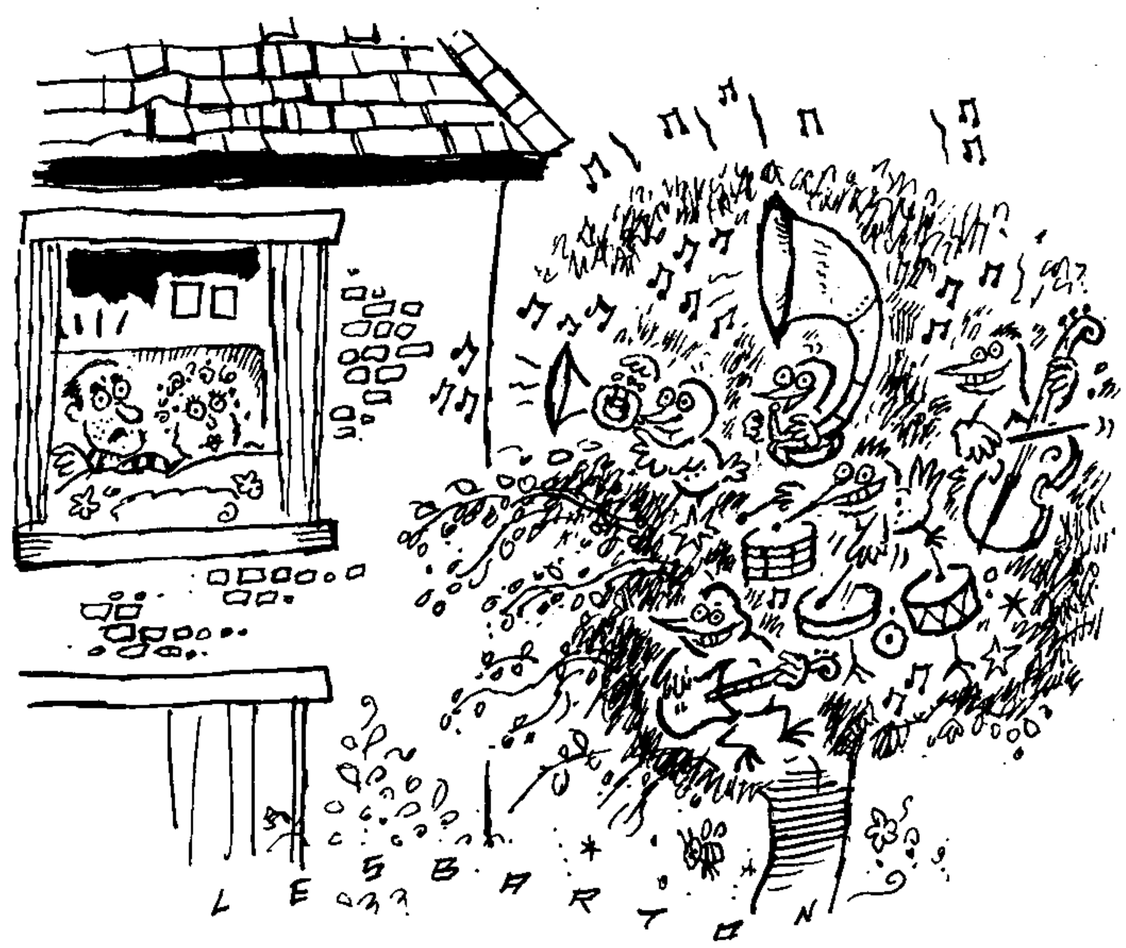
FOREPERSON: My Lord, we find for His Majesty.

COCKLECOURTIER: Good. Quite right. And have you decided that, in view of the very grave nature of this libel, that His Royal Highness should be awarded compensatory, alimentary and extra-sensory damages in measure of the act of *ex fortiori gravitate* committed by the newspaper?

FOREPERSON: Er… Um…

COCKITALLUP: Do I hear £35,000? That's it then. Done. £35,000 to the young gentleman in the front row. Next case, please!

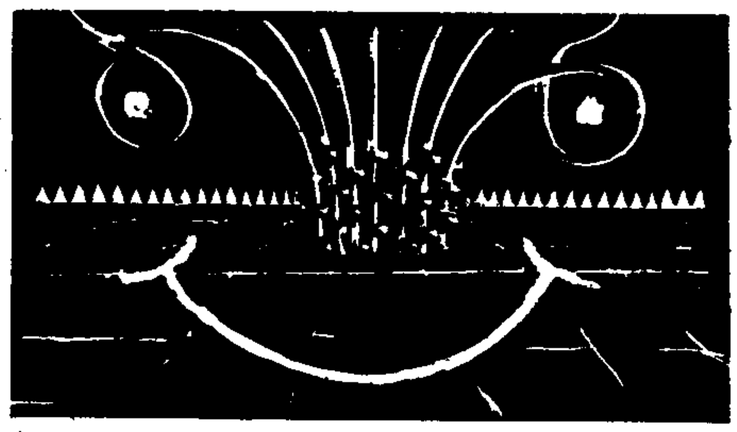
Later the judge made legal history by apologising to himself in open court for calling himself "a clapped-out old banger which should have been sent to the scrap yard years ago".



"Relax, Doris, it's only the dawn chorus!"

"Feeling a bit peckish. Miss Pugh… bring me a medium-sized company"

DIARY



KINGSLEY AMIS

What a bloody hopeless lot most modern thingies are. Writers. Modern writers. That's it. What a bloody hopeless lot most thingy writers are. Can't form a grammatical sentence for one thing and for another they sort of let their so-called lucid prose (i.e. self-regarding rubbish) spread out all over the shop, never knowing when to come to the end and instead dragging on so long that by the time you manage to get to the end you forget what it was they were going on about at the beginning and it probably wasn't worth the effort anywayish sort of thing.

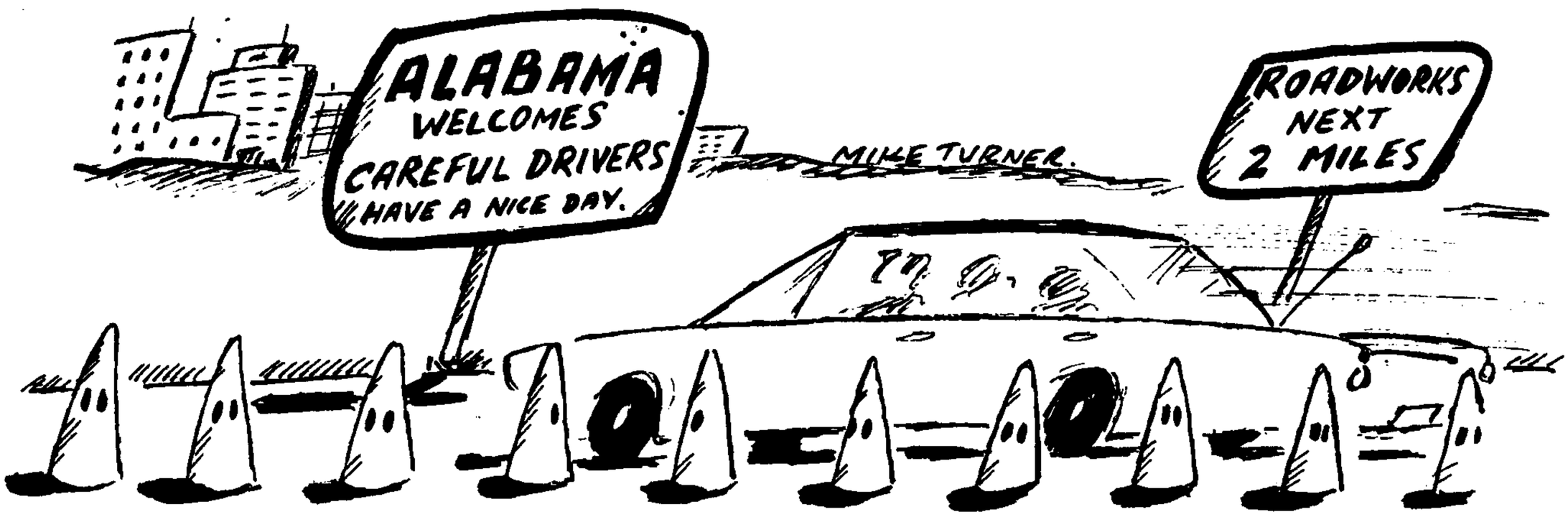
I'll tell you what and that's this. What they need is a lesson in how to write. They should be like what I am. I take care to listen for the *nuances* (bloody typical writerish word *that*) of everyday speech. "Gor Blimey, Guv," a cab-driver said to me a week or so ago, "Any old iron, me hearty." As soon as I got back to my desk, I wrote it down after having a bottle of Scotch or so, and now I daresay it'll pop up in my next novel, along with "Cheers, mate" and "It's a fair cop", both of them very up-to-the-minute expressions in contemporary (i.e. bloody awful) society. No wonder they call me the master of everyday thingy.

I took my son Martin to lunch at The Garrick the other day. Spewed everywhere, and kept asking the Head Waiter if he had a spare condom, used or unused, he wasn't fussy. Martin parades an interest in the raw underside of life (i.e. smut) and it's impossible to take him bloody anywhere. Before I'd even got my bib into my collar, he'd started picking his left nostril with the Garrick Club serving spoon, and by the time the beef and Yorkshire pud arrived he was going hammer and tongs at his thingy under the cloth. Perry Worsthorne arrived at our table just as the lad was experiencing a certain amount of disorder in the phlegm department. "Paradoxically..." began Perry, but his freshly-minted aphorism was alas cut short by a shower of ear-wax extracted from the ear of Amis Junior by imaginative employment of the Club cigar-cutter. It found its final resting-place in the centre of Perry's pristine silk tie. As we were all perusing the globule, Lord Denning sidled up, took one look at Perry's new emblem and congratulated him on his election to the MCC. All very chummy, or it would have been had not Martin chosen that moment to take a bite at his toe-nails, the clippings leaping hugger-mugger into the horseradish. If you think his "novels" are disgusting, you should see the state of his socks.

And another thing wrong with modern life. Have you noticed how the telephone always has to "ring" before you can pick it up to speak to the person at the other end? Yet another example of the shoddy lot in charge of the phones wanting to make life as noisy as bleeding possible, sod the public, that's you and me, the poor bloody heterosexual tax-payers, or at least me, I don't know what you are and I don't bloody care. And another thing. Why are modern showers designed so that you have to take your clothes off before getting into them? If you set the water going and then step in with your clothes still on, you get soaking bloody wet, but no-one in their right mind (a minority, granted) wants to go to the bother of stripping naked just so's they can have a flipping shower. And whatever happened to Father Christmas, may I ask? There was a time when he provided a halfway-efficient service, entering with a stocking as near as dammit to midnight on Christmas Eve but I haven't heard from the old bugger now for sixty-odd years. Probably joined a Lesbian Architectural Co-Operative, no doubt on an Arts Council Grant, so now he can just sit around "creating" rather than doing what he's employed to do, i.e. give me my stocking. Christmas isn't what it was, but then what is?

And another thing. I found myself in the National Gallery the other day. It's in the same area as The Garrick and their front doors are just about identical. Searching about for the bloody bar, I asked for a gin-and-vodka from a woman (of course) only to be told that she served postcards, diaries, calendars and souvenir novelty items of an arty sort and if I wanted a drink I should clear bloody off. On the way out, I caught sight of a painting described in sod-you small type underneath as "The Nativity". Repulsive little fat family, he bearded and with a don't-blame-me expression on his face, she with a look of contentment as if to say ha bloody ha now you'll have to cough up for maintenance, and the titchy blighter smiling a sod-you-matey smile, and all taking place in some sort of makeshift barn or "chalet" as it was no doubt advertised. What I want to know is why can't painters paint paintings which the rest of us can sort of enjoy? Why not a few at-least-semi-skilled pictures of taxpaying heterosexual male carnivores sitting in an orderly fashion exchanging right-minded opinions over a Scotch-and-Rum rather than all this stuff showing foreign one-parent families struggling in "underprivileged" (my foot) conditions?

My next novel, *Same Again Please* is about a bloke who has all sorts of females and assorted misfits on his back but sometimes manages to nip down the pub to talk to other blokes about how awful the females etcetera are and at some point a cabbie comes and takes him to and fro saying "Cheers" and "Pardon me may I use your toilet, guv?" and in the end everything remains more or less the same only his ex-wife Loopy, who's now married to Geoffrey's ex-wife Mania's sort of nephew, Chris, decides to run off with Chris's lesbian flatmate Schizo, who was once kind of engaged to Loopy's ex-neighbour's ex-husband's sort of brother-in-law Patrick, the librarian, but this doesn't really affect the main character much as far as one can tell, though he can't for the life of him remember who Geoffrey was in the first place. Should be a lot better than anything by those "modernist" (pull the other) American "creative" novelists who only write about their own little corners of the globe, lazy sods.



Literary Review

Hackney-ed

The Buddha of Suburbia
Hanif Kureishi
Faber, £12.99

TRENDY left-wing persons of a certain age adore Hanif Kureishi. If he didn't exist, they would have to invent him. It wouldn't be difficult.

Since he spared them the trouble, though, they're happy to ignore the fact that he has only about a fifth of the talent he's credited with. *The Buddha of Suburbia*, Kureishi's first novel, is awkwardly written and boring to read. But it's been reviewed with little whimpers of ecstasy by TLPs.

Angela Carter in the *Guardian* noticed admiringly that "he remains Right On, politically, and lets the middle classes play little if any role in this world of squats, anti-racism and dishevelled integrity."

That's all right then! For her it certainly was. "It is a wonderful novel," she concluded, adding subliterately, "I doubt if I will read a funnier or one with more heart, this year, possibly this decade." She must be intending to dedicate the Nineties to Enid Blyton.

The Buddha of Suburbia is hackneyed in everything except its racial subject matter, Asians in Britain. Kureishi knows that this is his unique selling point ("The material was quite fresh," he has said, appreciatively) and he exploits his market monopoly with the eagerness of any small businessman.

"I write about the world around me, the people I know, and myself," explains Kureishi. He does. This is in the worst sense an autobiographical novel; it resembles nothing so much as Paul Theroux's *My Secret History* without the irony.

It's the first-person story of Karim. Karim, like Kureishi, is the son of an Asian father and an English mother, growing up in the suburbs of south London. Like Kureishi, Karim makes it out of the suburbs into success (as an actor) in arty London north of the river. As soon as this happens the book turns into little more than bragging about a bohemian lifestyle which, as anybody who saw his film *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid* knows, is all that Kureishi's Right On-ness amounts to.

Kureishi believes sexual promiscuity is politically liberating or is political liberation — a cretinous misapprehension presumably derived way back from somebody as mad as Wilhelm Reich and never examined. *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid* shows kissing and Kureishi pathetically speculates "perhaps these kisses are subversive in some way".

It shows three couples having sex ("joyful lovemaking all over London") on a split screen, and Kureishi opines that these "avid fuckers" are "running right up against the mean monogamous spirit of our age".

In *The Buddha of Suburbia* Karim has sex with everybody, male and female. The bisexuality Kureishi promotes no doubt seems to him a logical extension of his basic belief that all transgression is good, all orderings wrong. But it reads only as a peculiarly grabby form of narcissism, wanting it all ("I felt it would be heartbreaking to have to choose one or the other, like having to decide between the Beatles and the Rolling Stones... I could go to parties and go home with anyone from either sex").

Karim repeatedly stresses how very attractive he is, to both sexes, to everyone. For all its air of — thank you Angela — "dishevelled integrity", the book is merciless. You are either "interesting" or not. The key to the whole book is this little line: "Thank God I have an interesting life, I said to myself."

The Buddha of Suburbia is, then, a conventional book about a young man on the (sexual) make — a contemporary version of *Room at the Top* with added political cant.

Cant it is. In his diary of the making of *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*, Kureishi announces as his political ideal "that there should be a fluid, non-hierarchical society with free movement across classes and that these classes will eventually be dissolved". Give me chastity and continence but not yet! in other words. A few pages later Kureishi is relishing one of the rewards of moving up: caviar in New York. "Oh, how we eat! Oh, how I like life now!... Each caviar egg explodes on my tongue like a little sugar bomb."

And that's about how explosive Kureishi really is. When on *Start the Week* recently he said "I think the riots at the weekend were terrific and I'm all for them" it was just his way of being interesting. Or not.

Books & Bookmen

■ **THE WORLD of publishing has been rocked to its foundations by the departure from Pantheon in New York of overweight, overanxious Andre Schiffrin, the man who since the beginning of time has been the publishing conscience of the radical left.**

Schiffrin left Pantheon because he didn't like being told by his new overlord, the diminutive Alberto "Mafia" Vitale, to try to put his books in order and cut the imprint's losses by the odd million dollars or so.

There have been demonstrations, protest marches, letters to the press signed by dozens of self-confessed "intellectuals", even a rare editorial in the US trade paper *Publishers Weekly*, all of which imply that Schiffrin's move marks the end of civilisation. Five editors resigned in protest, at least two of whom had already secured their futures.

The truth is that Schiffrin, a genuinely nice man although it's hard to understand a word he says as he rarely parts his lips when speaking, is hopelessly chaotic and unbusinesslike and ran Pantheon as a private fiefdom answerable to no one.

That Schiffrin is succeeded by Fred Jordan, another Jewish emigré with impeccable literary credentials (he was prominent at Grove Press when it published many of the world's finest writers) has incensed the New York intellectuals. It is a typically shrewd move by Vitale: Jordan has a habit of publishing literature and not losing his masters' wallets.

□ ACCLAIMED comic novelist Paul Pickering is soon to celebrate the publication in paperback of his novel *The Blue Gate of Babylon*. Curiously his publisher, Penguin, has chosen a quote attributed to Victoria Petrie-Hay in the *Eye* to endorse the book. "I think it's a wonder he hasn't been in prison," it reads.

Recalling the incident that sparked off the entire Pickering controversy at the end of last year, the *Eye* has received a fuller account of Pickering's assault on Anwar Bati at a private party in London's Polish Hearth Club.

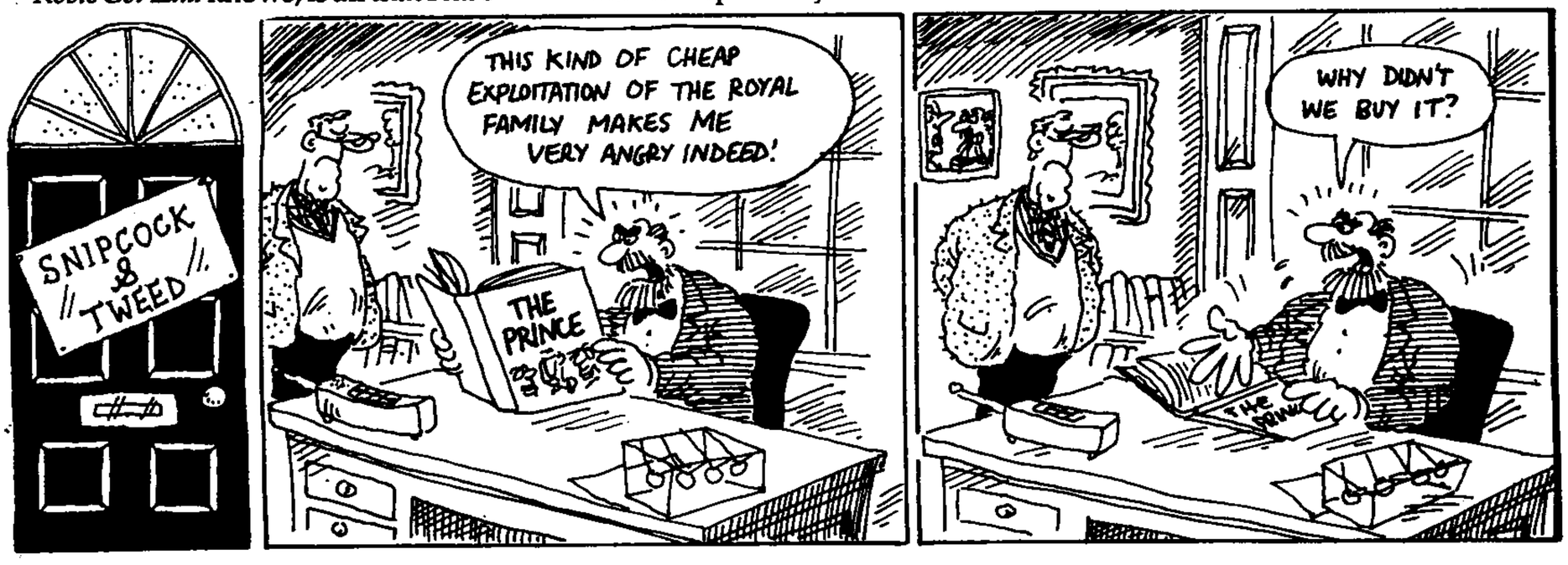
Bati, a BBC producer, was sitting at a table talking with the then *Spectator* editor Charles Moore and his deputy Dominic Lawson, when he was punched in the face. Staggering to his feet to see who had hit him, Bati received a headbutt which caused his nose to be broken and blood to stream on to his clothes. The assailant, whom Bati and others identified as Pickering, disappeared immediately.

Moore urged Bati to sue Pickering for assault and volunteered as a witness but — ever the gentleman — Bati thought the matter could be sorted out without recourse to Inspector Knacker. The following day he rang Pickering at home and asked him why he had attacked him. Pickering was sheepish and suffering from amnesia about the incident, though he readily agreed to send Bati a cheque for the price of a new shirt and tie.

This version of events differs sharply from that of the inventive Pickering, who claimed in a letter to the *Eye* that "the BBC man" had merely had a *nose bleed*".

■ *NO ONE admits to having answered Jeffrey Archer's disguised classified advertisement in the Bookseller for an agent to replace Debbie Owen at £15,000 per annum (see Eye 736), but at least three London agents say they have been telephoned by Jeffrey who is considering using their services. He wonders, before making a formal approach, to what extent they might be interested.*

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
THIS KIND OF CHEAP EXPLOITATION OF THE ROYAL FAMILY MAKES ME VERY ANGRY INDEED!
THE PRINCE
WHY DIDN'T WE BUY IT?

The king was in his counting house...

WHILE the National Union of Mineworkers' headquarters goes broke with debts of £820,000, Arthur Scargill has been presiding over a string of secret union bank accounts and trust funds containing millions of pounds.

Details of the accounts — 14 in all, nine of which were opened *after* the the miners' strike ended — emerged at a special NUM executive meeting in Sheffield on 9 March.

Leading NUM officials were all ears as Scargill and his general-secretary Peter Heathfield disclosed the extent of the union's financial juggling.

The accounts (see below for details) include that of the "Miners' International Research, Education, Defence and Support Fund" which on 9 March had a current cash balance of £1,800,000. (This sum, with interest, equates neatly with the missing Russian roubles believed to have been donated to the union during the dispute). It was opened on 30 January 1985 and trustees include Scargill's French communist pal Alain Simon and Norman West.

Then there was the £912,184.70 deposited in the International Miners' Organisation of Austria fund. The fund's signatories are Alain Simon and Arthur Scargill. It was opened on 7 November 1986. The miners' strike ended on 3 March 1985.

Simon and Scargill opened another fund on 19 February 1986. It is still active and has a balance of £50,000. And so on and so on...

The existence of the Scargill millions — the union's area assets alone are valued at £13 million — must be welcome news to those in the trade union movement who might appreciate repayment of the generous "loans" they made to the miners during the disastrous year-long strike.

Not least among them is Ron Todd, boss of the Transport & General Workers' Union, which loaned the miners upwards of £3 million without the knowledge of the T&G's then two million members. The T&G paid the wages of NUM staff in cash — £30,000 a month — throughout the strike and has since received little by way of thanks or cash.

Although Todd was swift to condemn the *Daily Mirror*'s recent series on Scargill's Libyan connections (Colonel Gadaffi's "Tripoli Building Society" was alleged to have paid off his mortgage), privately he must be angered by the NUM's book-keeping tactics. He's not the only one.

During the dispute Mick McGahey, the NUM's former vice-president, was persuaded by Scargill and Eric Clarke (recently retired Scottish area general secretary) to provide receipts for cash from brother trade unionists that had not been received in Scotland.

For example, there was the £200,000 from the Fire Brigades' Union and £300,000 from NUPE, whose poverty-stricken nurses and ancillary health workers are probably still unaware of their generous "loan". On paper the Scottish area is now down more than £1 million. This deficit did not affect McGahey's £40,000 severance payment when he retired, however.

There are many burning questions ordinary miners and trade unionists might have wanted to ask at the illuminating 9 March meeting. Such as where the money came from; why did it not all go to the pitmen and families at the time; and when is it going to be handed back? They might have asked about Scargill's international banking set-up, the International Miners' Organisation (president: A Scargill; cheque signatory: A Scargill); or about his wheeler-dealing with Alain Simon, secretary-general of the Paris-based IMO. But executive members were not so inquisitive.

During the dispute many area barons ran "trust funds" of their own and some pit leaders finished the strike richer than when it started. Home extensions

have been built; new cars bought; gardens have been landscaped and mobile phones have been fitted in union cars.

It will be interesting to see whether the inquiry launched by the union into its own financial dealings will answer all these vital questions.

Those secret bank accounts in full...

THE biggest account was the "Miners' International Research, Education, Defence and Support Fund" which was opened on 30 January 1985. Trustees: Alain Simon, the French communist trade unionist, and Norman West; current cash balance: £1,800,000.

The **"International Miners' Organisation of Austria"** was opened on 7 November 1986 and is "still active". It had total deposits of £912,184.70 and its signatories were Alain Simon and Arthur Scargill.

Another "trust fund" opened by Scargill and Simon on 19 February 1986 is still active with a balance of £50,000. Total deposits were £137,221.90.

The **"miners' action committee"** account was held in Arthur Scargill's office safe. It had deposits of £1,219,905.25 and withdrawals, to date, of £1,219,331.29, leaving a balance of £573.96.

The **Sheffield Women's Action Group**, whose signatories were Scargill's friend Jean McCrindle (former treasurer of the Women Against Pit Closures support group) and a Sheffield city councillor called Doris Askam, had total deposits of £1,124,887.09 and withdrawals £1,124,737.08, leaving a balance of £150.01.

Ms McCrindle, who receives regular, generous, payments from the International Miners' Organisation opened an account with the **Allied Irish Bank of Dublin** on 22 November 1985 with deposits of £200,236.57. This account was closed on 7 April 1987.

She also opened an account with the **Allied Irish Bank** in Leeds on 31 January 1986 with total deposits of £351,239.09. The account was closed on 16 July 1987. She then opened an account on 8 April 1987 with £41,146.77 and closed it on 24 July 1989.

Scargill's personal secretary, Yvonne Fenn, opened an account at the **Sheffield Co-Op** on 22 November 1986 with total deposits of £236,664.37. Ms Fenn was the sole signatory to the account, which she closed on Scargill's instructions on 24 October last year.

Mrs Yvonne Schneider, Schneider being the maiden name of Yvonne Fenn, opened the **Trust Fund of Austria** on 22 November 1986 and closed it on 12 October 1989. Total deposits were £615,805.

At this point another femme fatale entered the frame — Nell Myers, the NUM's American-born press secretary who says she is the daughter of former communist US seamen's leader "Blackie" Myers.

An account was opened with $1,000 with the **First Chicago Bank** on 22 December 1984 under the name of "N. Hyatt". This is the married name of Ms Nell Myers.

N. Hyatt closed that account on 11 February 1986 and opened another with the **Chase Bank, Dublin**, on 10 January 1985 with a deposit of £223,682.91. It was closed on 18 November 1986, 20 months after the end of the strike.

Scargill would appear to be trying to drop union staff in the mire too. He has said that two staff members ran a head office cash bank account called the **"Apex head office bank account"**. It held deposits of £157,544.37 under the names of Mick Clapham, a would-be Labour MP who is head of the NUM's industrial relations department, and Jane Ashton, a former secretary who now lives in Sydney, Australia.

This cash should have been returned to Ron Todd's Transport and General Workers' Union because it was supposed to pay for the NUM staff wages.

And a Mr T. Sibley, a TASS official, opened a "trust fund" with £50 in November 1985. The cash is still there.

North Sea Oil

Oil's well that ends well

THE WORLD's oil companies were offered a discreet £4 billion subsidy in Chancellor John Major's budget when he announced that the cost of abandoning North Sea oil platforms would "attract a 100 per cent corporation tax allowance".

The figure of £4 billion is the estimate of Peter Morrison, energy minister, who told an Aberdeen conference that removal of decommissioned offshore structures was a big challenge. He urged the industry to take the money quickly and said it was "a business opportunity".

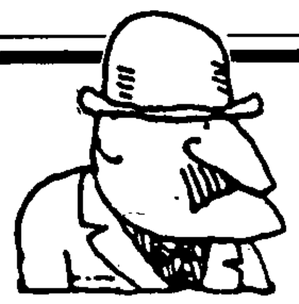
When the oil companies invade a green field or green sea site, they solemnly promise to return the area to its original state. Indeed, under the Petroleum Act 1987 they accepted the obligation of dismantling, removing and disposing of offshore installations and pipelines altogether. As *Eye* readers are well aware, as oilfields are depleted their owners' dedication to the environment often diminishes.

After the Piper Alpha disaster the oil companies tried to use the tragedy to establish a precedent. They cut off half the wrecked platform, leaving a 250ft stump rotting on the seabed.

The UK Offshore Operators' Association calculated that it would cost £6,080 million to remove the platforms completely but only £4,206 million to remove them partially. Mr Morrison, by taking the lower figure, appears to be indicating that the Government is aiming at partial removal.

However, in a sudden role reversal the oil companies are becoming worried. Now that they will not have to pick up the bill, they actually favour complete removal. They are apparently concerned about any "residual liability" they may have for the debris. If they are in any danger of having to pay for damage done by the rubbish they leave in the North Sea, they will support the idea of returning the area to the state it was in when they found it — so long as the taxpayer pays.

This would need a government subsidy of £6 billion at a time the price of oil and petrol is high, the oil companies are making huge profits and clean, experimental sources of energy such as wave power, the Severn Barrage and windparks are being denied government help.



In the City

MICHAEL KALISHER QC and chartered accountant Gervase Hulbert have been appointed by the Department of Timidity & Inaction to inquire into an alleged City insider dealing ring operating among stockbrokers, merchant bankers and fund managers. Their appointment last year followed extensive inquiries by the Stock Exchange's own insider dealing group which confirmed a long-held suspicion that one or more such rings were "at it".

Focus of the DTI investigation are the three insider dealers caught out in August 1988 as a result of dealings in Pleasurama ahead of the takeover bid from Mecca Leisure. These were Bill Liggins, a fund manager with merchant bankers Lazards; David Gray, a salesman with merchant bankers Morgan Grenfell; and Cathy Rowlands, a member of merchant bankers Samuel Montagu's corporate finance department. Two other players were fund managers at Co-Operative Insurance.

The DTI inspectors have since widened their inquiries well beyond the dealings in Pleasurama and are looking at a number of other bid candidates.

One of the companies that has been added to their inquiry is food group Ranks Hovis McDougall. The inspectors are examining dealings in RHM between June 30 and July 13 1988. In that period RHM rose from 390p to 446p ahead of the abortive bid by Goodman Fielder Wattie (advisers Samuel Montagu).

As part of their investigation the inspectors have written to all stockbrokers who bought RHM during that period asking if they dealt for any of 21 named individuals or fund management groups. Three of those named are — not surprisingly — Liggins, Gray and Rowlands.

But the other names are mostly somewhat less well known — the usual *Eye* fiver awaits those who can add to the fund of knowledge, solicitors excepted.

The other names listed by the inspectors are:
David Lewis Jones;
Mark Riding;
Richard E. Jones;
Gervais Peter Englesbe Williams;
Hazel Willis;
Throgmorton Group or its funds (the DTI has been examining share dealings involving Bob Seabrook, who resigned as Throgmorton Trust chief executive last year on grounds of ill-health. He has strenuously denied any suggestion of insider dealing);
British Gas Pension Fund (Bill Liggins worked here before Lazard Investors);
Vera Marianne Nancy Lush;
Laura Knight;
Claire Elizabeth O'Donnell;
Gartmore Investment Management or its funds;
Jill Davys;
John B. Morris;
David Glyn Williams;
Roy Liggins (some relation?);
P.N. Walton;
and **Vincent Sylvester.**

It must be immediately stressed that in circulating this list the DTI inspectors were not in any way accusing those named of insider dealing. And quite properly so. All they were seeking is information regarding share dealings for which there could well be a perfectly satisfactory explanation. Therefore no allegation of improper behaviour is made against any of those named.

ELSEWHERE in the City jungle — which only its supposed regulator, trade secretary Nicholas Ridley, thinks is controlled by his DTI — it seems that the Stock Exchange, encouraged by the hint in *Eye* 736, has embarked on an insider dealing probe regarding dealings in computer services group Pericom ahead of the bid approach from rivals Ferrari.

The shares moved up steadily from 24p to 32p before the approach was revealed and are now 48p. Nice work if you can get it; but a little too nice for the Stock Exchange watchdogs who have asked those brokers who bought Pericom ahead of the deal to name names.

Meanwhile it was incorrectly stated in the last issue that small time insider dealer Malcolm Gooding had made a £460,000 profit. Even the DTI would not consider that small. The figure should have been £460. Now that is small.

NOW FOR those warm and wonderful men, the George Washingtons of financial public relations, without whom many financial hacks on Sunday newspapers in particular would not know what to write. Have you ever noticed how the same story miraculously appears in supposed rival City pages on the same day and often in the same terms? Funny that — well, not to everyone it seems.

Considerable heat has been generated by the *Sunday Times*'s "scoop" (1 April) that Sweden's SPP insurance group was to take over property group London & Edinburgh Trust in an agreed bid at 220p a share. The bid was duly disclosed at that exact price to the Stock Exchange the next morning.

It seems certain whingeing hacks who were left out of the secret have had the bad grace to complain to the authorities who are now seeking to discover the source of the "leak".

Quite unfairly the finger has been pointed at that faithful *Sunday Times* supporter, Lowe Bell — the financial PR group headed by Mrs Thatcher's favourite truth peddler, Tim Bell. Just because the group's clients get such a good press from the *Sunday Times*, which more often than not is first with the Lowe Bell good news, does not mean it should be accused of leaking market sensitive information about a client like LET, which as every PR man knows must go to the Stock Exchange first.

The LET/*Sunday Times* furore spoiled an otherwise good weekend for No Smell. A smiling Bell had graced the pages of the *Independent on Sunday* cover story on the movers and shakers among the PR pillars of financial probity.

Alas there was no room in the article for the hard-working Piers Pottinger, who has done so much for No Smell and the *Sunday Times*. Hopefully this was not because of any confusion with the Piers Pottinger whose father George, a senior Scottish Office civil servant, was jailed for five years in 1974 as a result of his corrupt relationship with architect John Poulson.

Poulson paid for family holidays in Italy, Greece and Switzerland so Piers, then at Winchester, could learn about Palladian architecture, improve his Greek and learn to ski. In all, the sponging civil servant cost the arch-corrupter £30,000 in home improvements, holidays, clothes and a car.

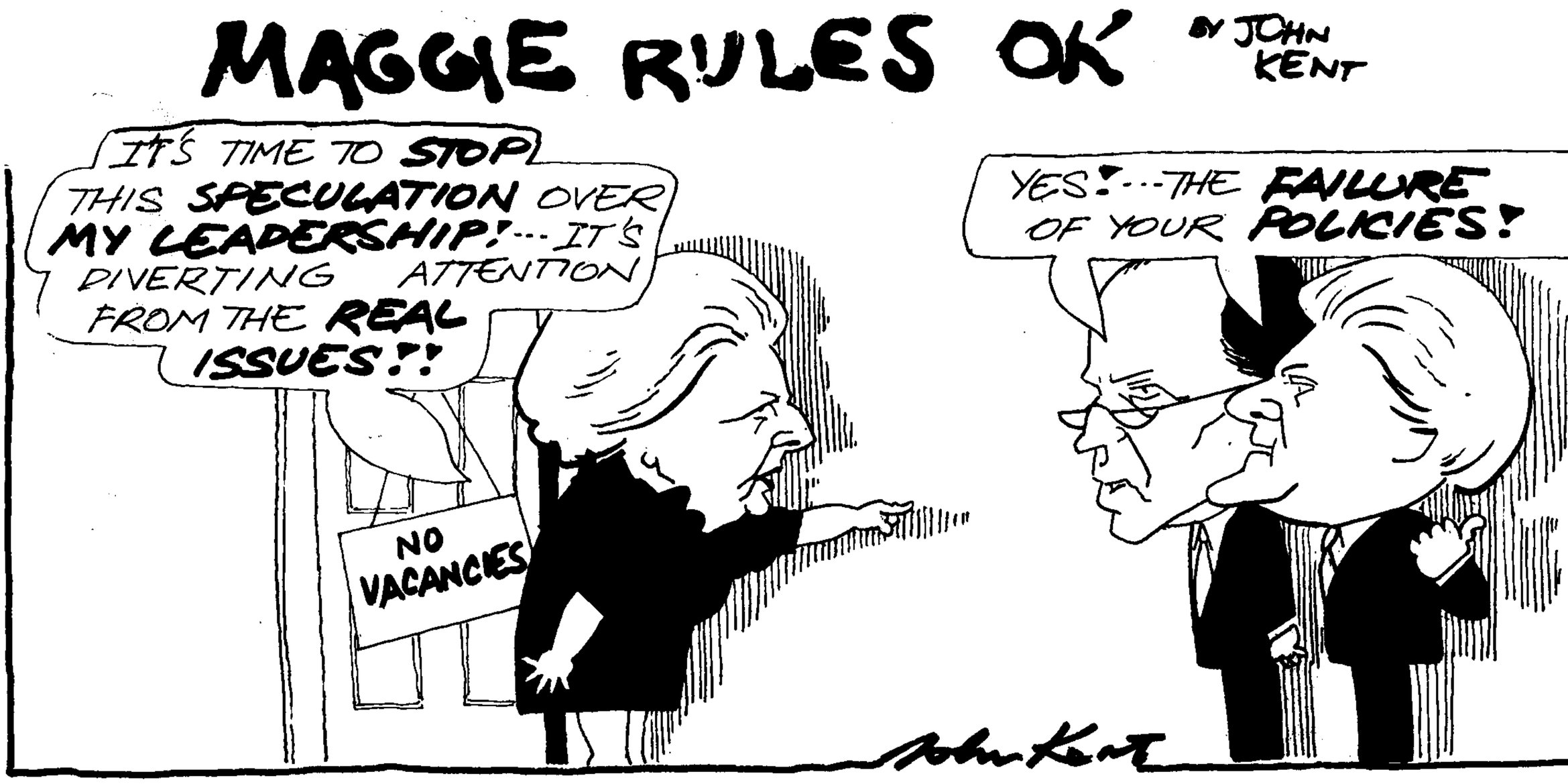
There were other omissions, too, from this gallery of the great and the good from the world of truth.

No mention of highly strung American Peter Binns of Binns Cornwall. But then the firm does seem in need of some good PR itself as the internal factions wrangle over who has what piece of the corporate corpse — a struggle not entirely unrelated to Binns' somewhat abrasive relationship with his erstwhile benefactor Michael Ashcroft. No wonder Binns at times might have found it all a little too much. There have even been ridiculous not to mention bizarre allegations at his being concerned about the contents of his shampoo and talking about the advantages of the US embassy as a refuge. Thankfully such tittle-tattle can be ignored as malicious nonsense. There is nothing wrong with Peter Binns whatsoever.

No mention either of that other great friend of the *Sunday Times*, Square Mile Communications, whose clients — like Gorgeous George Walker (he and Square Mile founder John Coyle have more than one thing in common) — can always be assured of a kindly and oh so well informed word there. But then at least one of the Square Mile personnel is not entirely unknown to *Sunday Times* City editor and prankster Joe Flynn victim, Jeff Randall.

Coming soon: more about the men who are paid to tell the truth, the whole truth and only occasionally anything but the truth.

'Slicker'


MAGGIE RULES OK
BY JOHN KENT
IT'S TIME TO STOP THIS SPECULATION OVER MY LEADERSHIP!... IT'S DIVERTING ATTENTION FROM THE REAL ISSUES!!
NO VACANCIES
YES!...THE FAILURE OF YOUR POLICIES!
John Kent

Mandela ... released at last – on video.

"I have fought against white domination and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished an ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony."
NELSON MANDELA

The words of Nelson Mandela reflect the man. Visionary, revolutionary and, to many, a Messiah bringing hope. As a young lawyer, Mandela saw the injustice allowed to flourish within his beloved South Africa and became the Voice of his people, even throughout his 27 years imprisonment.

His story, to the present day and including his post-release period, is told on "Mandela – The Man and His Country". It may surprise, even shock you.

Mandela on video, is available through Hollywood By Mail, for only £9.99 plus P&P. Complete the coupon and send it with your payment to the address given.

MANDELA –
MAN OF POWER, MAN OF HOPE

Parkfield Entertainment presents "Mandela – The Man and His Country" from **Hollywood By Mail.**
SEND TO: HOLLYWOOD BY MAIL, FREEPOST, P.O. BOX 111, STEVENAGE, HERTS SG1 4YH.
103901 **2048**

Please send me [ ] [ ] copy(ies) of **MANDELA – THE MAN AND HIS COUNTRY** at **£9.99** (plus 90p p&p) per video.
I enclose my cheque/postal order for £ _____ (inc P&P) made payable to 'HOLLYWOOD BY MAIL'.
OR Please debit my Access/Visa card to the value of £ _____ (inc P&P).

CARD No. [ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ]

EXPIRY DATE [ ][ ][ ][ ]
Month Year

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms: _____

Address: _____

_____

_____ Postcode [ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ]

Signature: _____

(Orders cannot be accepted without a signature) I am over 18. Offer applies to UK and B.F.P.O. All orders are subject to acceptance. Please allow 28 days for delivery. Offer closes 31/10/90. HOLLYWOOD BY MAIL is a trading name of Parkfield Direct Marketing, 4 Whitworth Road, Stevenage, Herts SG1 4QS. Reg. No. 2477662

THE *ORIGINAL* BRETON SHIRT

Cream/Navy, Cream/Red,
Cream/Burgundy, Cream/Green
Sizes 34", 36", 38", 40", 42", 44"

The Original, traditional, French Fisherman's working shirt. Made from 100% knitted cotton in France. So comfortable they're addictive! We started to sell them seven years ago, because we liked them and wore them so much, we felt obliged to share them with everyone else (honestly!)

ONLY £13.95 +1.00 p&p

Orders to;
The Breton Shirt Company
Unit P1 *(PE 18)*, **99 Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Glos, GL7 1LD**
Or Phone (0285) 652997 with your credit card number.

THEY CALL IT DAMAGE LIMITATION

BUY THE DAMAGE

AVAILABLE IN ALL GOOD NEWSAGENTS EVERYWHERE.

before its 2wo late...

EXPOSE YOURSELF

FANTASTIC FIREWORKS

to the power of pyrotechnics!

■ PARTIES ■ WEDDINGS ■ CELEBRATIONS

Call in our Firing Squad or DIY it with one of our spectacular packs

RING FOR BROCHURE
058 285 2436/4422
FAX YOUR ORDER
058 285 3741
Fantastic Fireworks
Rocket House, Redbourn,
Herts AL3 7RH

NEWSFLASH BOOK YOUR PARTY PYRO HERE!

I'm well known in Beaconsfield

NEW MERCEDES SL SPORT

35 Minutes from the West End

HUGHES BEACONSFIELD

APPOINTED DEALER Mercedes-Benz

(0494) 672141

EASIBINDERS

Quick, neat and easy!

IT'S so easy and tidy with the Easibind binder to file your copies away. Each binder is attractively bound in dark blue with the Private Eye logo in white on the spine.

The U.K. price is now £6.50 including postage, packing and VAT. For overseas orders please add 35p.

WHY NOT PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW?

Send the completed order form below with your remittance to **Private Eye Binders, Mortimer House, 230 Lavender Hill, London SW11. 01 228 0588**

Block letters please

Order Form I enclose PO/cheque value.....
for ..... Private Eye binders.

Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

A COMPLETE WORD PROCESSOR

- WordStar
- CalcStar
- MS-DOS

INC 25 CPS DAISYWHEEL

Sanyo 555-2 dual drive computer inc WordStar software, Diablo D25 25 CPS letter quality daisywheel printer, NEC monitor, keyboard, printer cable and extensive manuals.
LIMITED SUPPLY!
List price £1500 +.

£299 + VAT

Morgan Computer Co.
64-72 NEW OXFORD STREET, WC1. 01-255 2115
179 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W1. 01-636 1138

PAPER LANE

T-SHIRTS £5.99 EACH (inc. P. & P.)
BIG BAGGY ONE SIZE
BEER-SWILLING CURRY-GUTTING SEX-MACHINE!
NE TE CONFUNDANT ILLEGITIMI
LATIN FOR "DON'T LET THE BASTARDS GET YOU DOWN"

TO ORDER: Send payment to "PAPER LANE", DEPT. B, The Studio, 4 Foregate Street, Worcester, WR1 1DB. Tel. (0905) 27452. *Allow 28 days please.*

DARE YOU RING THE...

NAUGHTY JOKE LINE

0898 800 250

JOKE OF THE CENTURY
0898 800 258

FAT FREDA'S RUDE JOKES
0898 800 256

DIAL-A-SLAG 0898 800 261

SEX WITH YOUR HAMSTER
0898 800 260

WILLIE JOKES 0898 800 255

ULTRA-NAUGHTY JOKELINE
0898 800 259

TASTELESS TIM'S
BAD TASTE JOKES
0898 800 252

THE ULTIMATE THRILL...

DORIS DROPS 'EM!

HEAR HER NOW 0898 800 253

5p PER 12 SECS CHEAP RATE 5p PER 8 SECS AT ALL OTHER TIMES INC. VAT

BUZZ HUMOUR 146 HAMMERSMITH GROVE W6 7HE

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS 01 734 6887

VAT INCLUSIVE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISMENTS

£1.15 per word for private advertisers. £1.50 per word for trade\business advertisers. Semi-displayed adverts £3.00 per word. Allocation of BOX NUMBER £6.00 for private advertisers, £10.00 trade/business advertisers.Send your advertisement plus remittance with your name, address and telephone number to PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG. Also use this address to reply to box numbers. ACCESS/VISA cardholders may dictate ads on 01 734 6887 (24 hrs). Submit advertisements to arrive at least 10 days before issue date. We regret there may be a delay before publication of EYE LOVE advertisements due to demand.

Please send your ads by 17th April for inclusion in our next issue

"Is it just coincidence that the winners of A Song For Europe are nearly always plonkers?"
M. Brown, Letter to *Sun*.

CAPITAINE — My love this Easter — SOUS-FIFRE.

SEE YOU AGAIN, Rhona! 17th May 1989, GRAHAM.

GENUINE RESEARCH project. Do you, or have you, spent short or extended periods living a completely different identity? Write in full confidence or anonymously. Box 0139.

CRUTCH-HIGH thinking reaches Coronation Street.

DON UNIFORM! Don Jeans, T-Shirts, Trainers!

NATURISM IN BRITAIN. Comprehensive Handbook £2.50. PRISCILLA JONES, Naturist Headquarters, Orpington, Kent.

ROCKWEILER/MUPPET Howling/Wailing. Aliens?

BIRTHDAY DUE? Give someone an original newspaper, dated the very day they were born. £16. (We also buy newspapers.) 0492 531195.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY for unique gift at genuine introductory price. Send name, address and date of birth plus £10 to V. REID, Knowehead By Irvine KA11 2AP.

ANSWER MACHINE messages (30 voices) performed by unique impressionist. Zany and tailormade. Impress your customers. Tel: 0734 866 120 and talk to RAY.

IT'S ENOUGH to make you laugh. PREPOSTEROUS PRESENTS, 4 Charlotte Place, London W1. (Off Goodge Street — five mins from Oxford Street).

"RAZEL NUTS". The Big Surprise, the hazelnut with the built-in condom. Details telephone 0232 454618.

TENSE, NERVOUS, Hassled? Then you need a "Hassle Off", the newest executive toy (?). £3 or £5 for two. MILNE, 208 High Street, Kinross KY13 7DE.

FLYING DUCK wall plaques — also Pigs, Gnomes, Frogs, Cats etc. From £13.95 a set. For catalogue plaques/badges/magnets, A5 SAE to: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. Access/Visa.

CARTOONISTS/Caricaturists for parties, special events, promotions! Reasonable rates. Contact the specialists! CARTOON FACTORY 01-359 6266.

LIVE TELEPHONE wind-ups carried out on your loved ones and not-so-loved ones to your instructions by our professional team — immediately recorded, produced and despatched in a unique, gift cassette package. 01-365 2440.

TESSA FANTONI
24 Abbeville Road
Clapham.
673 1253.
Open 10-6 Mon to Sat.

FLYING DUCK wall plaques — also Pigs, Gnomes, Frogs, Cats etc. From £13.95 a set. For catalogue plaques/badges/magnets, A5 SAE to: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. Access/Visa.

EVER WANTED A Title? For only £10. Details: S.A. SURVIVAL (P), 5 Gayfield, Arbroath, Angus, Scotland DD11 1QJ.

GLIDING NEAR LONDON. Trial lessons £37. Holiday courses from £85. (0494) 442501 for details.

BALLOON FLIGHTS £95 — for Easter Bunnies, 01-840 0108.

STRICTLY FOR YOU. Dial 0898 442 518 (25p per min cheap rate/38p at all other times). Dial it if you dare. S.T.G., PO Box 242, London SW11 2RJ.

BIRTHDATE/ANNIVERSARY newspapers — 0727 43277.

CARICATURES. Phone Rick, 01-441 4688, for samples/prices.

PYROMANIA LTD.
Firework displays for all occasions. Professionally fired or DIY packs. Weybridge, Surrey.
0932 855623.

WINDBAGS helium balloons nationwide. 091-378 9195.

HOT AIR BALLOON flights London/SE. 0784 451007.

ALTERNATIVE PARTY GAMES. Booklet £2 from C. TONGE, Easterly, Brockhurst Road, Monks Kirby, Rugby.

ANTI-POLL TAX car sticker. Unspeakably illustrated, in black and brown. £2.50 inc VAT & postage to: LATHAM GRAPHICS, Foyers, Inverness IV1 2XY.

T-SHIRTS — your poll tax slogan. 0736 66248.

WHAT THE LORD
giveth the Government taketh away. T-shirts £6.95.
MARK HARRISON, Box 0239.

ANTI-POLL TAX t-shirts! Black print white shirt reads 'Stamp out Mad Cow Disease... Poleaxe the Poll Tax!' Sizes large and extra large only. Send cheque or PO for £6 plus £3 p&p per shirt to: GATSBYS GENERAL TRADING CO, PO Box 63, Runcorn, Cheshire WA7 2HH. Allow 28 days delivery.

MEXICAN HAMMOCKS. Hand-woven cotton, incredibly comfortable, very large and colourful. £50. Phone 01-249 9981.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES by mail. Free details: UDM, 6 Springlawn Drive, Blanchardstown, Dublin 15, Ireland.

"I WED MY DAD" — autobiography in manuscript form. "TOMBOY" £10. Box 0639.

CLOCKWORK Orange VHS. Box 0739.

CUSTOM ELECTRONICS designed and built to your requirements. 0805 4381.

WILD SCOTTISH salmon. Freshly smoked to order. Superb quality low salt cure. An excellent gift for any occasion. Prices on application. Catering enquiries also welcome. ABERDEEN SMOKED SALMON CO., tel: 0224 876363. Fax: 0224 872880.

MARQUEE SALE (not auction) of hundreds of Old Persian rugs, carpets, runners, cushions at Kent country house over weekend 5, 6, 7 May. Mostly £60-2,500. Details, card from DESMOND NORTH, The Orchard, East Peckham, Kent. 0622 871353.

OLD VOLKS HOME seeks residents. We buy, sell, repair, restore VW Beetles. BROOKS BEETLES, Princes Risborough, Bucks. 08444 4893/4592.

LITTLE BUGGER automatically tapes telephone conversations. £27.50. Other devices. Visa/Access. 0983 64024.

FOUR POSTERS — £480 (delivered). Stained any colour. Excellent quality. Brochure FREEPOST "Pinecraft" (PE), Manchester M20 0PT. 061-434 1432 / 061-446 2372.

SCREENPRINTING complete kit. Print t-shirts, posters, etc. £19.95 + £2.50 p&p to: BORROWBY DIRECT MAIL, D2, Thirsk, N. Yorks.

TV AND MOVIE FANS — send £2 for poster catalogue and free postcard. TV & MOVIE IMAGES, 2B Peel Road, North Wembley HA9 7LX. 01-904 3214.

A HI-FI separates system from around £100? Impossible. Not at RICHER SOUNDS. Thousands of satisfied customers have started on the road to audio excellence with one of these amazing value packages, comprising: turntable, cartridge, stereo amp and a pair of speakers. (Those spending a little more will actually be able to distinguish between Johnny Rotten and Mantovani.) FREEPHONE 0800 591366 24hrs for your free 12-page fun catalogue/price list.

"NUMERICALLY" sorted dialling codes. £3.95/directory. D.S. BEAL, FREEPOST (N), Tingley, Wakefield.

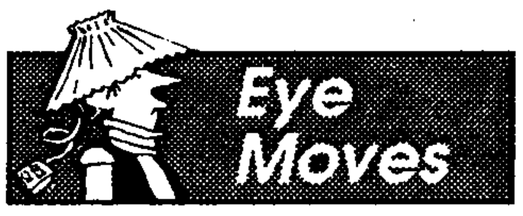
STD CODEBREAKER. Directory listing UK codes in numerical order. £2.50. B.W.T., 255a Canterbury Street, Gillingham, Kent ME7 5XE.

IS IT TOO MUCH to ask? A cosy little bedsit or room, cheap and cheerful. Somewhere to rest my weary head after a hard day at Private Eye. Call ALICE (in Wonderland?), 01-437 4017.

W11. Unique 1-bed flat. Light-filled top floor. Near parks, shops, tubes, Portobello. Long leasehold, £120,000. Box 15038.

BRITTANY:
100s of properties for sale or rent. For details without obligation contact sole UK agents:
BRETON BUREAU LTD.
Tel: 06284 74256 (24 hours).

RARE FULHAM freehold. Superb open-plan 3-storey town house close to river in SW6. Owner moving abroad. Greatly reduced to £197,500 for fast sale. Phone 385 1554 for full written details.



SPACIOUS VAN with driver to help. ALAN TURNER, 01-348 6836.

RUBBISH disposal and removals. 602 3036.

MACK'S MOVERS — commercial and domestic removals and deliveries (West London). 740 5496/0831 120805.

REMOVALS, deliveries. Any distance. 373 6241/938 4752.

JAMES REMOVALS — household and office, small to medium — local and national. Please telephone 01-431 1713.

DUE TO A CANCELLATION the first two weeks in June are now available to rent our large Edwardian Cornish home with spectacular sea views and all amenities. Brochure from Box 4039.

MAIDA VALE (Sutherland Avenue, W9). Lovely bright new one-bedroom flat to let. Kitchen equipped. Fully carpeted. 4th floor, no lift. Unfurnished £150 per week. Furnished £165 per week. Min. 1 year. Tel: 402 6724.

CHEMICAL AGENTS 30% commission, full or part time. Experienced cleaning and maintenance chemical sales agents are required throughout the UK by the Gard Group of Companies. Telephone 0924 403550 for details.

CARTOONISTS wanted for new comedy magazine. (01)-547 3459.

WE NEED a regular supply of articles and graphics on every aspect of the rural scene — no matter how obscure. SAE for full brief: AAP NEWS, 62 Union Street, London SE1.

GENUINELY EASY spare-time business, guaranteed high returns. SAE Box 0339.

"SETTING UP In Tattooing". A guide to opening your own studio. £9.95 inc: CRYSTALCLEAR PUBLICATIONS (PE1), PO Box 16, Burton-on-Trent DE14 3XL.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER seeks models, fees paid. Reply with photo. Box 0439.

YOU TOO can and will earn £3,000 a month in your spare time. Send SAE now for the facts: ARCADIA, PO Box 107, Margate, Kent CT9 3YU.

THE MEDIA NETWORK seeks hacks and subs for the Street of Shame. Ring ALLAN CROSS, 01-439 1188 (rec. cons.).

MAKE MONEY at home or... work overseas! SAE to WENSLEYDALE ARTS, Heather Cottage, Aysgarth, N. Yorks DL8 3AH.

SO-CALLED "non-commercial" band wanting to make money seek manager. Phone HOWARD, 01-671 4333; answerphone 01-350 1202.

HOW TO EARN up to £1,000 per month addressing and mailing circulars from home. Send 40p (refundable) to MANNUPTON, 16 Melford Drive, Prenton, Wirral, Merseyside L43 3EX.

EXPERIENCED leader/driver, also qualified diesel mechanic/driver wanted for African overland expedition. Telephone: 0633 257561.

EYES 6 to present, complete, 1-5 photocopies. Offers: (01) 883 6257.

EYES 400 to present (276 in total, inc. 606!). £350 secures. 0738 83028.

OLD NEWSPAPERS required. 0727 432 77.

WHITEHOUSE and similar magazines bought for cash. Collections cleared. 01-340 9668.

RARE BONDS for the collector. Decorative certificates f9or framing. Send for free catalogue: GKR BONDS LTD, PO Box 1, Kelvedon, Colchester C05 9EH. Telephone 0376 71711.

ENTREPRENEURIAL English guy working East and West coast America, coming home to London for summer before moving from New York to San Francisco, seeks interesting opportunities/offers. Write PAUL, 175 5th Avenue, Suite 2159, New York NY10010, USA.

LIFT REQUIRED to West Africa. 0703 864517.

RESEARCHER (textile industry) requires accommodation in Tel Aviv, July. Box 0839.

KEYBOARD OPERATOR, experienced on APL230 (CORA5), Linotronic 300, Digitek 5000. Agency standard. Seeks weekend work, London/Kent. 0795 875532.

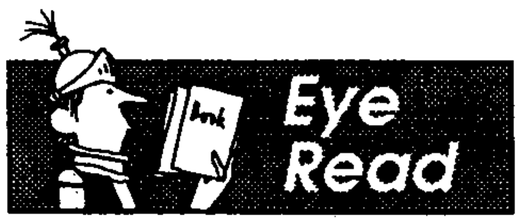
EX-RM COMMANDO.
14 years experience. Seeks similar work abroad/UK. Anything legal considered.
Box 2839.

PHOTOS WANTED, private collector, cats, funny, women, workers, bikinis. Box 0939.

VINTAGE 1950? Jane, Annie, Paul and Terry are, and we want to have a ball to celebrate our fortieth. Another 4-6 same vintage bon viveurs needed. Witty letter please to T. BOYLE, 496 Fulham Rd, SW6.

BORED, BRIGHT businessman, 39, with capital but no personal ties, needs challenging change of direction. Seeking new career with social dimension as well as cash. Box 2639.

TYPESETTER looking to invest time and money in a studio, London. Hard worker — needs a break. Genuine offers please. Any ideas, contact Box 2739.



COPS GAZETTE names lawyers, judges, police, MPs — all Jewish/Christian — who aid/abet crime and who tore apart my family, usurped our house etc. JITEN BARDWAJ, 4 Broad Green Wood, Bayford, Herts SG13 8PS.

LIBRARIES! Your reference section is incomplete without the Small Press Year Book 1990. "Invaluable for practical information" — The Guardian. Hardback, £24 inc p&p from: COUNTER PRODUCTIONS, PO Box 556, London SE5 0RL.

THE FOREMOST JOURNAL of strange phenomena — sample copy £2 from FORTEAN TIMES (P), 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset BA11 1DX.

"THE FLOATING VOTER". Dinner and luncheon parties, conferences/receptions, sightseeing cruises from Little Venice. 071-724 8740.

GRUMBLES RESTAURANT apologises — our kitchen is being refurbished over Easter and we will reopen Friday 20 April. 26 years on, we are still open every day for lunch and dinner at non-scary prices including Sunday lunch. Best wishes to all of you from all of us — GRUMBLES, 35 Churton Street, Pimlico, SW1. 01-834 0149.

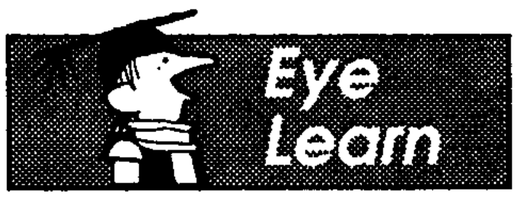
FIREWORK DISPLAYS for the Connoisseur. We fire at your party, wedding, promotion, etc. Also quality DIY packs available anytime. Contact Stuart Russell at FIREWORK DISPLAY ARTISTS. Tel: (0949) 51199. 0602 203780.

KARAOKE HIRE — latest Pioneer laser video karaoke systems now available for hire. Office or private parties, product promotions etc. Call TOKYO JOE'S KARAOKE HIRE, 01-943 3487.

APHORISONGS cassette, £6 payable "A. TAIT". 4/30 Clayton Road, Newcastle.

JUKE BOX hire for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 300 oldies/80s favourites. Prices from £80, also sales. 01-318 2852.

PERK UP your party with McKEAN'S MUSIC. Classical to jazz. 01-352 8806.



LEARN COMPUTING by post. Beginners or advanced. 01-890 0785.

POLISH language/conversation/translation. Qualified teacher. 01-791 3316 (eves).

LEARN CARTOONING by post from professionals. Good markets available on completion. Details: stamp or SAE to PRESSART, 10 North Bughtlin Gate, Edinburgh EH12 8XL.

SERIOUS PAINTING, a totally new approach towards self-fulfilment. 6-session course. ECS PAINTING, 4 Braemar Drive, Sale, Cheshire M33 4NJ.

LEISURE. North Wales No 1 Driving School. No gimmicks, just the best residential 5-day course. As seen on TV. Tel for brochure: (0492) 78894.

FLY a glider from £37. 0494 29263.

FRENCH: professional tuition 01-386 9758.

BASSO PROFONDO? "A very plausible river if they could pump some water into it." Judge Mark Twain's view of the Arno for yourself from the library of THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE. Prospectus of courses (Italian, Art History, Drawing, etc) from Lungarno Guicciardini 9, 50125 Firenze. Tel: 010 39 55 284031/2; Fax: 287056.

FREE TRIAL — genuine racing information. Apply to Box 2439.

WOUND UP? Let me unwind you with aromatic massage and reflexology. Essential oil facials and natural skincare preparations. PSYCHE'S GARDEN, Enfield, Middlesex. (01)-805 8949 (answerphone).

30 PROFESSIONAL people interested in inner search seek secluded summer retreat in exchange for one week's hard work. Group includes plumbers, carpenters, gardeners and decorators. Box 0539.

EYE PLEASING. There is no need for a Walter Mitty complex! Eager architect will convert your dreams to reality. Telephone 463 9244.

HYPNOTHERAPY: free consultation. 01-261 1277 (Waterloo).

HERPES? No more outbreaks! Phone 01-361 5448.

CURTAIN TRACKS fitted/sashcords replaced. 01-609 1151.

HATE WRITING? Reports, articles, brochures, biographies written for you by professional. Box 0537.

VASECTOMY. One visit. 19 Marie Stopes centres throughout Britain. Phone 0800 590390 (FREEPHONE CALL) for nearest centre & info pack. Also female sterilisation.

FLOORSANDING and sealing. Maple and Oak strip floors supplied and fitted, within the M25 please. 01-466 1392.

PRIVATE Investigators (established). Telephone 01-607 0098.

HOME VIDEOGRAPHERS! We convert your videotapes to/from American standard. Weddings, kids, etc. STABLE RECORDINGS: 0505 85488.

ACCOMMODATION address (Islington). Your name, our address. 01-833 3518.

PROFESSIONALLY prepared CVs. 0661 32009 ext 23 for brochure.

ALCOHOL PROBLEM? Counsellor, in strictest confidence, 01-582 1247.

DIRTY DEEDS done discreetly. Despatch details. Box 0636.

CARTOONS of your nearest/dearest from photos. Details: CARTOONCRAFT, Lilac Cottage, East Hanney, Oxon OX12 0HX.

THE ULTIMATE SERVICE. Just ring 0898 36 24 36. Dare you listen? (25p per min cheap rate, 38p at all other times). S.T.G. PO Box 242, London SW11 2RJ.

BRILLIANT young restaurateur seeks rich ambitious financier for fantastic restaurant project. Box 2239.

WEALTHY PATRONAGE sought by talented businessman fast recovering from substantial mid-life personal and financial crises. Right person motivated by philanthropic/profit motives would expedite this recovery to mutual advantage. Debts (30K) and housing are immediate concerns. Genuine enquiry: no handouts. CV, personal profile, business plan and refs available. Box 2339.

PLAY YOUR WAY to big profits! A few people win BIG MONEY by playing BLACKJACK all over Europe. The secret methods they use are now revealed! Test them out in the nearest UK casino soon! Ring 01-723 0651 to claim information by post about this GUARANTEED way of winning!

CAPITAL REQUIRED to import European sports cars from USA for European distribution. Commissions undertaken. 01-980 2533.

CRAZY INVENTORS need crazy investors. Phone 0222 383045.

ROULETTE PLAYERS, use my "computer based" method. Details (SAE) to: Box 4939.

£150-PLUS per week working from home part-time. No skill required. SAE for full details to GOWER PRESS, PO Box 260, Cardiff CF2 6XT.

IMPOVERISHED female graduate (22) desperately needs £1,000 to avoid financial embarrassment! Please help. Box 2539.

DEDICATED female medical student, loan-ridden, please help. Academic record etc. Box 2939.

URGENTLY REQUIRED — £15,000 by penniless girl to buy house abroad. Box 3039.

PLEASE HELP save me from continuous exploitation and poverty. £7,700 needed to clear debts. Donations, loans, anything legal appreciated. Proof available. Box 3139.

DISTRESSED Scots businessman, young family, nightmare debts, proof available, requests financial help. Any appreciated. Box 3239.

TWO PROPERTY owning impoverished working man, no arrears, needs £5,000. Could be mutually beneficial. Box 3339.

INTERNATIONAL TEAM based in Aberdeen require £3,000 for ecological expedition to Arctic. Please help. Box 3439.

YOUNG MALE needs £1,500 to start new life in LA. Genuine. Donations/offers. Box 3539.

DESPERATELY SEEKING cash: young female needs £1,000 urgently. Any donations accepted. Please help. Box 3639.

GRANTLESS male student accepted to study medicine at Edinburgh University, pending proof of adequate funds. Please help. Box 3739.

ELECTRIC BASS guitar wanted. Box 3839.

YOUNG MAN desperately needs £1,200 to repay moneylenders. Any donation/help greatly appreciated. Will reimburse. Box 3939.

FISHMONGER requires stake. Box 2738.

GRANTLESS law graduate intending barrister needs £8,000 to repay a leading university which is withholding the original transcript of degree certificate since 1985. Any scholarship, loan, guarantee, desperately wanted. Box 1039.

SCOTS GRADUATE keen to work but marooned in the wilds seeks job offers, suggestions. Box 1139.

OLYMPIAN seeks sponsor to bring home the gold in '92. Box 1239.

SINGLE GIRL, 25, needs £500 urgently — broad minded. Box 1339.

LOVELY, desperate, talented, pre-Raphaelite woman (student/writer) urgently needs £2,500 to save her life. Box 1439.

FINANCIALLY PRESSED young couple with four cats urgently need cash for home off main road. Having to keep cats indoors, always grateful. Box 1539.

PLEASE HELP. £3,000 needed to pay college expenses. Donations/long-term loan. Box 1639.

MEDICAL STUDENT: penniless. Please help. Box 1739.

RESEARCH GROUP needs £3,000 to publish important book. All donations and suggestions appreciated. Box 1839.

I.C.A.I.R. ("Independent Counselling After Incestuous Relationship"). Donations urgently needed please. Box 1939.

DROWNING in debt. Help! Need donations to tread water and fend off sharks. Box 2039.

ECONOMY FLIGHTS worldwide. USA, Canada, Australia, Far East and Europe. UNIWEST INTERNATIONAL, 89 Old Brompton Road, South Kensington, London SW7. 01-584 7594.

FLY a glider. 0494 29263.

USA Best Air Fares. Australia, New Zealand, worldwide. MERIT TRAVEL, 79 High Street, London SE25 6EA. Tel: 01-653 6514.

CHEAPEST daily flights to Germany. GERMAN TRAVEL CENTRE, 8 Earlham Street, London WC2. Tel. 01-379 5212.

ECONOMY FLIGHTS. Europe USA Canada Far East Australia. EUROLANKA TRAVEL, 139 Albion Road, London N16 9JU. 01-254 8543/9623.

BARGAIN SAIL Med or Cornwall. FOWEY CRUISING SERVICES. 0726 832129.

GREECE — CYCLADES. Mykonos, Paros, Antiparos, Naxos, Ios, Santorini, Sifnos, Milos. Villas, Pensions, Tavernas. Simply "the best place in the world to take your clothes off". SIMPLY SIMON HOLIDAYS. 01-373 1933.

FLATSWAP London/Cadiz any month. Details 0742 305538.

LATE BOOKING SPECIAL! Only £399: "Cross Country South" from NYC to LA in 3 weeks leaves April 30th. Call 0892 511894.

CYCLING in Ireland. June 23rd-30th. £250 inclusive. ODYSSEY 0223 861079.

S. AMERICA overland adventures in Patagonia, the Amazon and the Andes. 7-24 weeks from £650. Brochure, tel. 0242 226578.

ORGANIC walking holidays in Scotland. 091-565 7959.

TUSCANY Anghiari resident English/German couple offer large four-person holiday apartment and separate double room/shower/wc in their old hillside farmhouse overlooking Tiber valley. Bookings: Tel/fax ITALY 575 789788. Information: Tel UK 0243 575344.

AFRICAN SAFARI Camping Adventure Holidays. 1-4 weeks from £410-£1,430, 7-19 weeks from £1,845 to £2,505. We offer the most comprehensive holidays available. Full details in our 1990 full colour brochure. GUERBA EXPEDITIONS LTD, 101 Eden Vale Road, Westbury, Wiltshire BA13 3QX. Tel: 0373 827046 (24 hours).

SW FRANCE, CHARENTE. Cruising/canoeing and cottage holidays with ferry discounts. Call HOLIDAY CHARENTE, 0295 758282.

FULLY-FURNISHED characterful holiday apartment, sleeps 2/4, medieval French village of St. Jeannet in Maritime Alps. 12 miles Nice. £100-£175 p.w. Telephone Olga Moyle (0584) 890391.

THAILAND/PHILIPPINES. Intense and uninhibited, a singles paradise! For brochure ring 048182 3417.

SAHARA overland adventure. 8 weeks, 6 countries UK to UK. Departs late May/July £470. Also London/Nairobi 20 weeks, departs Oct/Nov £900. Phone for brochure: 0633 853289.

TRANS-AFRICA overland. 5-6 months departing November from £1,250. PHOENIX OVERLAND, 01-840 4303 (24 hours).

INDIA OVERLAND. 9-11 weeks departing September from £895. PHOENIX OVERLAND, 01-840 4303 (24 hours).

NO TEDDY BEARS' PICNIC at Toby Hall's Skirmish. Best deal in paintball. Tel: 01-493 0270.

GLIDING holiday courses £85. 0494 29263.

TRANS AFRICA expeditions 21-27 weeks. £1,200. Depart July, Oct, Nov, Feb. Also 6 weeks Nairobi-Victoria Falls-Nairobi. Departures Mar, April, July, £350. Phone 01-486 4720/0633 257561 for brochure.

HIMALAYAN TREKKING and jeep safaris May-October. CHANDERTAL TOURS, 0323 646604.

"STUFF THE SANGRIA": Learn to drive instead. Seaside Residential Driving Courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. (0492) 531517.

EXODUS EXPEDITIONS overland Africa, Asia, South America from 5 to 26 weeks. For brochures telephone 01-675 0859.

BERKSHIRE WEEKENDS. Riding, walking, relaxing, stunning countryside, elegant country house, private woodlands. 0491 671222.

PHOTOGRAPHIC holidays Southern Spain. Beginners, Glamour. 0249 816246.

INDEPENDENT professional female, 36, divorced, seeks independent humorous leftish people to extend social life. S. London. Box 2139.

WE NEED MEN
— real men! If you're single, 30+, call the ladies at
THE SINGLE GOURMET CLUB
on 01-937 4522.

ORIENTAL ladies seek gentlemen for friendship and marriage. Send SAE for details to MISS S. OUNBAN, G80, PO Box 39, Reigate, Surrey RH2 8YX.

ETHNIC Introductions. Phone 0533 610266.

PENFRIENDS — USA. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. HARMONY, Box 82295PE, Phoenix, Arizona 85071, USA.

APRIL IN PARIS. Which educated, caring, 40ish, music-lover would share croissants and maybe chase clouds further afield with attractive, loving lady? Box 5039.

CHAP, 26, needs happy letters from slender chapess. Likes animals, books, music, guitars. Anywhere. Box 5139.

MALE (33), interesting occupation, seeks single, responsive, mature, thoughtful woman (25-35) for possible long-term relationship. I like music, boating, good food, good wine... and good company. How about Sunday? North West. Box 5239.

OXBRIDGE Olympian seeks his match for romance. Box 5339.

EAST MIDLANDS male, 30, 6ft, slim, unsporty, egalitarian, seeks intelligent bedroom bossyboots with voracious appetite. Cinema, concerts, dancing, eats, theatre, walkies. Box 5439.

DESIRABLE FEMALE arts degree and career seeks attractive, intelligent man 35-45. Oxon. Box 5539.

ADVENTUROUS, unusually handsome, warm-hearted, dynamic and successful male, 40, also tall, athletic, intelligent, broad-minded, independent, often humorous, always sincere, would love to meet a very attractive, slender, sensual, and perhaps submissive, female for restrained fun and fantasy exploration. All letters answered in total discretion. Box 5639.

Not sure which classification your ad should appear under? Leave it to us to decide for you. . .

BOY BEAR, 28, slim, Glasgow habitat, unloved, pining for nice lady bear to share honey, sugar puffs, bear hugs, tender togetherness and friendly foreverness. Box 5739.

MANCHESTER/SOUTH LANCS male, 47, stagnant and dying relationship seeks tall, medium/slim, 40ish, easygoing, feminine companion. Phone number to arrange meeting. Box 5839.

PROFESSIONAL MALE solicitor mid thirties, tall good company, divorced, seeks attractive career girl thinking of settling down. She should like eating out, weekends away, some socialising, yet be sufficiently independent to keep this advertiser on his toes. South coast/London. Photo and phone number please. Box 5939.

MALE graduate, 27, single, own home etc. Seeks similar intelligent lady with wacky sense of humour. Tyneside area. Photo please. Box 6039.

LADY DOCTOR, approaching 40, endomorph, seeks mesomorph for bear hugs. S. Yorks. Box 6139.

WITTY, INTELLIGENT, musical, country-loving female, 32, single, seeks similar male for sharing laughter. Box 6239.

LIVERPOOL. Intelligent, solvent, good-looking male graduate seeks compatible female company. If you are in your twenties then why not write to me at Box 6339.

GOOD-HUMOURED single man, 26, 6ft, graduate, creative, independent, solvent, lives W. Midlands, enjoys films, books, jazz, seeks warm, sincere, positive, similar woman. Box 7338.

PROFESSIONAL, attractive, affectionate, female, late 30's, seeks: successful, businessman/entrepreneur, 40+, unattached, tall, non-smoker, caring, with sense of humour and charismatic personality, for special stimulating, romantic, happy relationship. Please write (photo appreciated). Box 6439.

NOTHING BUT the best for this sexually attractive blonde who seeks an affluent, good looking male with romantic and passionate qualities. Champagne lover essential. Box 6539.

VERY PRETTY, slim, "thirtysomething" female, humorous, happy, longing to meet articulate, affectionate, nutty guy to make me laugh and hopefully much more. 40 years or less. West London. Photo please. Box 6639.

LONDON, successful professional, 34, Central London home, sports car, seeks naughty but nice, slim lady. Photo and phone number secures reply and dinner invitation. Box 6739.

ARE YOU a lady (35/45), shortish, slimish, who needs a disciplined but caring relationship. This city dealer seeks the right submissive lady with whom to go places. Box 6839.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 29, needs tall, humorous, intelligent male 20-35. ALA. Box 6939.

HAMPSHIRE Graduate, 44, tall, slim, attractive, seeks successful, good looking, affluent man under 50. Letter, photo please. Box 7039.

AM I too old to be a toyboy? Amusing, single man 30, slim and fit with own house etc, would love to make an older woman feel young again. Wide range of interests. Photo appreciated. South. Box 7139.

DO AMUSING, attractive, amorous women 28/35 ever read these columns and put pen to paper? Answers please on a postcard to Box 7239.

HEALTHY, wealthy, witty and wise international businessman, based in London aged 38 would like to meet a woman for an uncomplicated, uninhibited relationship involving champagne, fun and laughter. Discretion assured. Box 7339.

CARING, intelligent, handsome gentleman (32) — no ties, seeks similar lady (25-35) for possible long term relationship. W. Country. Photo appreciated. Box 7439.

IS THERE A 40-52 years, attractive, educated, caring, sensual lady out there wishing to meet 57 (looks 47), caring, attractive, tall guy for caring, permanent, loving relationship. Try me please. Surrey. Box 7539.

LAWYER, 40, divorced father. One time high flyer cut down to size. Needs female help to renovate country cottage. Children no problem. No pay or prospects. Endless pleasure. NE/NW. Box 7639.

MALE, 30, wishes to meet attractive lady of a dominant nature for discreet liaisons in Tyneside area. Photo please. Box 7739.

N. YORKS RURAL chap, 28, looking for bright, witty lady — similar age. Likes: fresh air days, fireside evenings, theatre, music, eating-out. Dislikes: smokers, discos, fussy eaters. Photos please. Box 7839.

WELL-EDUCATED, well-spoken, professional male (29) seeks attractive, lively female (25-35). Photo essential. North of London. Box 7939.

LOVELY, feminine, intelligent, sincere, 35, requires solvent, gentleman lover. Box 8039.

GOOD LOOKING woman graduate seeks man friend — London, leftish, 48+. Box 8139.

LIVELY LADY, mid-fifties, graduate, travelled, fond country life/pursuits, seeks millionaire or title with old-fashioned values. Box 8239.

FAIR FEMALE, 5'1", 29, wants attractive male medical help to stop smoking and start loving. Fun, theatre, music. Phone number please. Box 8339.

GOODISH-LOOKING, unattached, hedonistic graduate (22, 6'2") wishes to meet intelligent, beautiful, funny (or two out of three anyway) woman (18-any) for whatever happens. London. Box 10339.

ATTRACTIVE, slim, successful male academic seeks graduate lady 35+, for discrete relationship, Wales & West. Box 8439.

PROFESSIONAL seagoer, certificate expired at sea requires female tuition to requalify. (20-30). SW. Box 8639.

ATTRACTIVE, intelligent business woman, 31, Herts/London based, seeks professional male companionship. Possible long term relationship. Must like dogs. Photo appreciated. Box 8739.

PROFESSIONAL bachelor, 31, will pander to sensual nymphomaniac, 18-50. Yorkshire/anywhere. Box 8839.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE, attached male, 38, seeks similar female, objective dalliance. Box 8939.

GENTLEMAN! First to view will buy!! Super deluxe sports model registered 1960. Unexpectedly available due to untimely termination of leasing agreement. Formula one chassis, with unmarked cream paintwork, dark brown hood. Ultimate challenge for discerning experienced enthusiast. Garaged West London. Offers invited. Photo secures pitstop. Box 9039.

CURIOUS GUY (40), single, not ugly wants to meet woman who fancies being boss in bed. Cardiff/S. Wales. Box 9139.

TALL, good looking, 31 and sexy. Seeks long, elegant lady with roguish wit. Age unimportant, but please no dreary, self-centred, whinge bags. London/Home Counties. Box 9239.

More than one Box Number reply? Write the numbers on each envelope and put them all in a larger envelope addressed to us marked "BOX NUMBER REPLIES"

TALL, red-headed lady, 26, going to waste — any offers? Photo appreciated. Box 9339.

AMIABLE, intelligent lady (37) Independent reader with some sloanish tendencies, seeks n/s, romantic, cultured, caring gentleman, 35-45 for mutual joy this year or the rest of our lives? Expatriate experience helpful, sense of humour essential. London or Bristol countryside. Photo and phone number appreciated. Box 9439.

FLORENCE (near), farmhouse restorer seeks attractive, female company. Box 9539.

SPORTY professional male, 42, seeks attractive, sexy female, 30s to enjoy eating-out or in and common interests. Photo please. Box 9639.

LONDON LADY, wearying of wets, seeks a man over 40 with enthusiasm, intelligence and wit. Has this species joined the dodo? Box 9739.

FORTISSIMO! Not looking for Mr Goodbar but a 40-something, seriously amusing, arts-loving, tall, attractive, professional man. I'm 42, independent, successful, blonde and allegedly beautiful. I love theatre, travel, books, music, friends and my family — now grow and flown. But no time-wasters/philanderers; absolutely no married men/dry Tories. Photo essential. Box 9839.

SLIM, CARING, male, 39, sticking with kids and gay wife, leftish, seeks understanding woman for dining, dancing and dalliance. Milton Keynes. Box 9939.

GENIAL, intelligent, professional guy, married but needs stimulating company of attractive, warm, intelligent lady, 32-42, for fun and discrete relationship, lunches, dinners, outings. C/W London. Box 10039.

3 WEEK holiday to Seychelles offered to young woman, leaving 26th May. Send details and photo. Box 10139.

GOOD LOOKING, passionate, professional graduate gentleman, 40s, wanting to meet attractive girl, 30ish to 40 for romantic, intelligent, interaction. Box 10239.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 39, financially secure seeks sincere, attractive lady for funloving relationship. Photo please. Box 10439.

NAUGHTY married lady wanted by similar man. I'm slim, attractive, professional, 37 yrs, looking for a long term discreet liaison, absolute secrecy, no risks but great pleasure promised. Box 10539.

DOES ADVERTISING work? Widow (52) unused to solitude and used to sharing seeks to make the best of the rest. London based, well travelled graduate, financially stable, politically and socially aware wonders. Should this ad strike a chord I promise all replies answered. Box 10938.

A SLIM not unattractive, affluent but dominant male seeks an intelligent, sensual, submissive female for the pursuit of mutual fantasies. Hospitality London and abroad. Mutual caring essential. Box 8539.

TALL, SOLVENT, graduate male, 33, seeks kind humorous female for long term (discreet) liaisons. S. East. Box 10639.

SHY MALE, post grad, 24, desires female for extramural studies. Manchester area. Box 10739.

INDEPENDENT LADY, thirties, N.E. based, loves country life, good food and wine seeks tall, unattached male to add sparkle. Letter and photo appreciated. Box 10839.

I AM a nice person, you are a nice person, we are nice people. This attractive (30's) female is caring, but a victim of London. Respond and be damned. Box 10939.

ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, wealthy, Oxbridge graduate seeks discreet, uncomplicated sexual relationship with adventurous female partner. London area. Box 11039.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG
01 734 6887

PLEASE WRITE YOUR ADVERTISEMENT HERE:

YOUR NAME ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER:
(This information is confidential)

NAME

ADDRESS

IF YOU ARE PAYING WITH AN ACCESS OR VISA CARD WRITE THE NUMBER HERE:

EXPIRY DATE:

SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT WITH PREPAYMENT (Cheque, cash, postal orders, Access or Visa)
TO ARRIVE AT LEAST 10 DAYS BEFORE PUBLICATION DATE

PRIVATE ADVERTISERS

- ❑ REGULAR STYLE :£1.15 PER WORD
- ❑ SEMI-DISPLAY: £3.00 PER WORD
- ❑ ALLOCATION OF BOX NUMBER: £6.00

BUSINESS ADVERTISERS

- ❑ REGULAR SYTLE: £1.50 PER WORD
- ❑ SEMI-DISPLAY STYLE: £3.00 PER WORD
- ❑ ALLOCATION OF BOX NUMBER: £10.00

DISCOUNTS

10% FOR A SERIES OF 6 ADVERTISEMENTS ❑

15% FOR A SERIES OF 12 OR MORE ADVERTISEMENTS ❑

10% TO PUBLISHERS ❑

VAT INCLUSIVE

PLEASE WRITE YOUR NAME & ADDRESS ON THE BACK OF YOUR CHEQUE

GARDEN GNOME, 37, unloved, unlaid, under 5 foot, small, toadstool wilting, fed-up with fishing alone, seeks love and cuddles. Yorkshire. Box 11139.

LONDON-PROFESSIONAL bloke, graduate, 28, 5'6", shy, cerebral, likes languishing in bars, seeks mellow, understanding woman (age relatively unimportant) to reassure him that bald is beautiful. Box 11239.

WHAT A WASTE: female, 42, fit (leftish and veggie but far from fanatic) wants a male mate. Likes to be out and about. Cotswold area. Box 11339.

VERY ATTRACTIVE, professional female graduate, 31, single extrovert, vivacious, caring, seeks similar male for serious things! Photo please. West Midlands. Box 11439.

BORED, attractive (20) trainee pilotess, seeks a handsome gentleman (20-30) for wining and dining in the south. Photo essential. Box 11539.

WOMAN (34), own brain, own direction, sense of humour. Restoring Dorset cottage, likes the slightly unconventional, live music, France. Thatcherites and country types need not apply. Any men in this area with similar values. Box 11639.

SPACE WANTED and given by divorced male charity director, 50, to woman 35-45. I like cuddling, music, art, galleries, gardening, TV, food, wine, weekends away/home. First advert. Box 11739.

HOPELESSLY tied man, early thirties, attractive, tall, educated, has virtually unlimited daytime hours to spend with lady in similar position. Age unimportant, sense of humour and discretion essential. South East. Box 11839.

MALE DOCTOR, 35, attractive, quiet, easy going, enjoys music, films, theatre. Seeks graduate woman for sincere relationship. London area. Photo appreciated. Box 11939.

HAPPILY MARRIED, attractive, professional gent, 35, seeks similar lady, 30-40, for discreet, caring affair. Let's eat our cake and have it. Birmingham/Cotswolds. Box 12039.

UNIMAGINABLE tenderness for independent, passionate woman (rich?) from lonely romantic widower (poor!). Photo/letter exchange. Glasgow and environs. Box 12139.

CONCRETE DRAIN designer, 49, successful, perceptive, strong, dominant even, seeks younger, attractive, creative lady. Object: aqueducts. Reply via box, or bottle down the loo. Box 12239.

MALE, 40, professional, Winchester-based, seeks real female, 25-35, for loving, caring, happy relationship. Photo/phone number appreciated. Sense of humour essential. Box 12339.

OUTGOING, attractive career girl (28), enthusiastic about life in general. Enjoys town and country pursuits. Seeks dashing, discerning and intelligent male. London/West. Box 12439.

LAID BACK, leggy woman, preferably into alcohol, roller coasters and rock sought by 25 year old introvert, zero personality, own teeth, Worcestershire. Photo and facts. Box 12539.

FEMALE STUDENT (18) seeks sporty, laid back guy for correspondence. Box 12639.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, professional male (26), seeks attractive, caring, intelligent young lady for whatever develops. London/Surrey. Photograph appreciated. Box 12739.

ATTRACTIVE, slim, divorced female seeks humorous, unattached, 40+ male to share weekends and hugs. Box 12939.

SUCCESSFUL single man seeks Englishwoman, resident Switzerland, to write/visit. Many interests, loves Lakelands and travel. Box 13039.

GOOD-LOOKING female intellectual, dark, slim, forty, media job, seeks nice, moderately fit, matching London man for discussions, walks etc. Letter to Box 13139.

WARM and attractive lady (49), young at heart. Enjoys laughing and living, seeks affectionate, intelligent and caring male for congenial, lasting relationship. London. Box 13239.

WITTY, intelligent, sporty(?) male (27) seeks attractive, strong-minded lady, 20+, sick of night club morons. Photo appreciated. E. Mids/Yorks+. Box 12839.

GOLD CARD HOLDER, 38, wishes good-looking, intelligent woman, 25-30 to share hectic, long weekends. Non-smoker, driver, German or French speaker preferred. IQ more important than looks. Send photo. Box 13339.

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE? Caring, professional lady seeks Green (not simple) man (25-35) to join Escape Committee. Cambs/E. Anglia/Anywhere. Box 13439.

ATTRACTIVE, fair haired professional graduate, 26, seeks professional public-school man, tallish, under 35 for caring, romantic relationship. Interests: sport, travel, theatre. London. Box 13539.

UNACCOUNTABLY available — attractive, bright, professional woman, 36, loves travel, sport, good things in life — seeks very nice man to make her laugh and share Sunday papers with. S.W. London. Photo please. Box 13639.

QUICK-WITTED, considerate, attractive male student (21) seeks pretty girl to share London with. Photo appreciated. Box 13739.

SUCCESSFUL? Affluent? Brave?? Brunette, 40's (Wales). Unsophisticated, very plump, cuddly, extravagant, mad, country lover, needs TLC! (Monogamists only) Box 13839.

YOUNGISH, non-sportif, 60 year old male, tired of being human vibrator, seeks nice, friendly woman for usual cultural pursuits. Box 13939.

COMPANY DIRECTOR, 43, slim, 5'11" and determinedly married seeks discreet afternoon liaisons with attractive lady. Bucks/Berks/Oxon areas. ALA. Box 14039.

Replying to a PRIVATE EYE Box Number? Address your reply to: Private Eye Smalls 6 Carlisle Street London W1V 5RG with the BOX NUMBER on the top line.

MULTI MILLIONAIRE: divorced, 40 yr old, naughty boy. Likes sports, travel, wine and having fun all the time. Has everything money can buy. Wants uncomplicated, attractive girlfriend up to 30 to help spend and enjoy it. Any area. Only letters with photos answered. Box 14136.

TALL, SINGLE, handsome, solvent, man (34) seeks attractive, exciting woman to love. Box 14239.

SHORT-ARSE FEMALE, 43, attractive, intelligent, humorous, outdoor-loving, seeks similar (taller?) unconventional male for thrills and spills. Photo ensures reply. East Berkshire/nearby. Box 14339.

LAID BACK, divorced, working class male, 43, tall, slim, seeks attractive, unattached, affectionate lady 30-43, without hangups who is not into travel or discos but who likes pubs and cuddles. Canterbury area. Box 14439.

CUMBRIA, anywhere, gent 31, finds friends married or moved away, seeks attractive lady, age unimportant, to develop sincere, genuine friendship. Interests include theatre, concerts, places and people. Box 14539.

SMALL BUT beautifully formed Oxbridge Geordie businessman in barren marriage seeks humorous, sexy lady (35-50) for discrete, caring relationship. Interests tennis, golf, skiing, cinema, good food, wine. Photo please. Box 14639.

MIDLANDS MALE, divorced, professional (40) wishes to meet very attractive, very slim, dark skinned girl for holiday abroad. Friendship and fun. Photo appreciated. Box 14739.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, young 55, good sense of humour, fit, loves life, seeks similar gentleman, 48 plus. Photo please. Lives Manchester area. Box 14839.

Which UNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND

SYMI Undiscovered, unspoilt, unbelievably beautiful .... for lovers. Traditional island houses with spectacular harbour views.

SKIATHOS Cosmopolitan, fun sophisticated. Beautiful beaches, watersports galore. Excellent tavernas. Fantastic lively nightlife.

ASTYPALEA Spectacular white hill-top town in an azure setting. The jewel of the Aegean. Far off the beaten track. Totally undiscovered.

HALKI Discover the magical charm of a totally unspoilt island. Friendly people, a beautiful harbour with fishermens tavernas, sandy beaches and even a Crusader Castle.

KALYMNOS The Sponge Fishers island. Wild rugged mountains, green fertile valleys, sheltered sandy bays. Friendly and very Greek.

SKYROS The wilder shores of Greece. Unspoilt. Remote, lovely uncrowded beaches. Traditional houses, local costumes. Unique.

SKOPELOS Stunning verdant varied scenery. Friendly harbourside tavernas, good beaches, crystal clear seas. Local nightlife.

KARPATHOS Remote, rugged, wild beauty, lovely sandy beaches. Traditional costumes.

ALONISSOS Idyllic harbourside setting, excellent tavernas. Quiet Secluded beaches.

SPETSES Pine clad scented hills, beautiful secluded bays, good water-sports, azure seas. Excellent food & fun tavernas, lively nightlife. THE Island you never want to leave.

TILOS Remote, tranquil. Timeless serene beauty. The island where time stands still.

SELF CATERING HOLIDAYS for the discriminating in our **VILLAS, APARTMENTS & FRIENDLY PENSIONS.**

GATWICK MANCHESTER E MIDLANDS & GLASGOW DEPARTURES

IT'S ALL IN OUR AMAZINGLY HONEST BROCHURE

For UNIQUE FRIENDLY SPECIALIST INFORMATION ☎ **062-982-4881** (24 HRS) (Sunday 10 - 6) ABTA 39570 ATOL 1424

LASKARINA LTD Holidays

The Specialist Tour Operators to Greece

TOURWORLD INTERNATIONAL

FLIGHT BARGAINS

LONDON TO:	PRICE:
NEW YORK	£235
BOSTON	£299
LOS ANGELES	£325
MIAMI	£355
DALLAS	£305
LAS VEGAS	£375

CALL GEORGE OR SHEENA ON
01-828 4585

TOURWORLD INTERNATIONAL
44 CHURTON STREET LONDON SW1V 2LP

ABTA 79597 Established 1979 IATA 9121621

MAGUS **0344 777913**

Holidays Ltd

GREEK ISLANDS
from £179

Magical holidays on unspoilt islands from the Greek Island specialists.
Phone for info or brochure.

COMPUTERS

- IBM compatible ✓
- 30MB hard disk ✓
- Wordprocessing ✓
- Spreadsheet ✓
- Dot matrix printer ✓
- One year Warranty ✓
- 15 day money back guarantee ✓
- Software loaded and read to use ✓

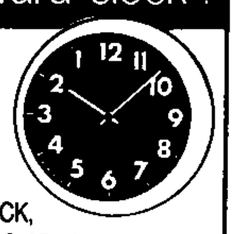
£899 + VAT

TO ORDER CONTACT PENNY & EVANS LTD
01 746 1146

Offices 6-10, Askew Crescent Workshops, Askew Crescent. London W12 9DP

---

the original backward clock !



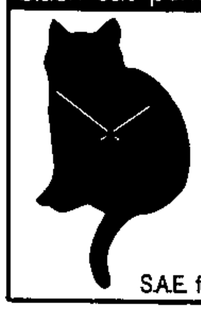
With anticlockwise hands and numbers you can still tell the time, but you have to think! This 11" Dia. 'Backward' clock has a precision quartz movement, and is white with a choice of face colours: BLACK, RED & GREY. **£18.45** plus £1.50 p&p.

farmyard alarm !

The sensational new alarm clock which wakes you to the sound of a Raucous Rooster. **£19.95** plus £1.50 p&p.

black cat pendulum !

Also available; Barking Dog.

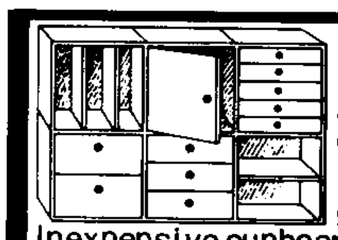


The amazing black cat silhouette clock with swinging tail! **£19.95** plus £1.50 p&p (15" overall).
Also available; Dog and Horse styles
Accutec Designs Ltd. (PE)
1, West Street, Reigate,
Surrey RH2 9BL Tel: 0737 242576
VISA or ACCESS welcome — just Phone!
S.A.E. for these and other clocks.

CLASSIC PLANTER

At last! Traditional 'Versailles' timber tubs at affordable prices. For garden, patio, porch, home or office. Mail-order catalogue from:

WINDFORD DESIGNS
8 St Ann's Road, London W11 4SR
01-603 8106 FAX: 01-602 5453

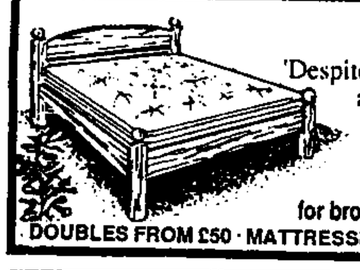


CUBES
SHELVING
TRESTLES
DESKS ETC

Inexpensive cupboards, record units drawers, wardrobes & shelf systems beech, white, black for home or work
Mail-order catalogue or visit us at
CubeStore 58 Pembroke Road W8
081-994 6016 (24hrs) also Sflk/Notts

TAURUS PINE BEDS

333 Kilburn High Road London NW6 Open Mon-Sat 10am-6pm



'Despite being the cheapest, among the very best' TIME OUT

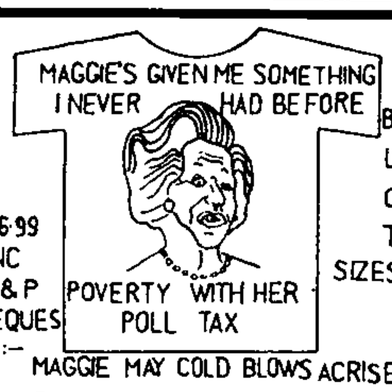
Telephone: 01 624 3024/3205 for brochure and information

DOUBLES FROM £50 · MATTRESSES ALSO AVAILABLE

FUTON EXPRESS

from **£55**

Colour Brochure from
23/27 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB
Tel: 01-833 3945 10am-6pm Mon-Sat
Fast U.K. Del or Cash n' Carry



BLUE/RED LETTERING ON WHITE T SHIRT SIZES S.M.L.XL

£6·99 INC P&P CHEQUES TO:—

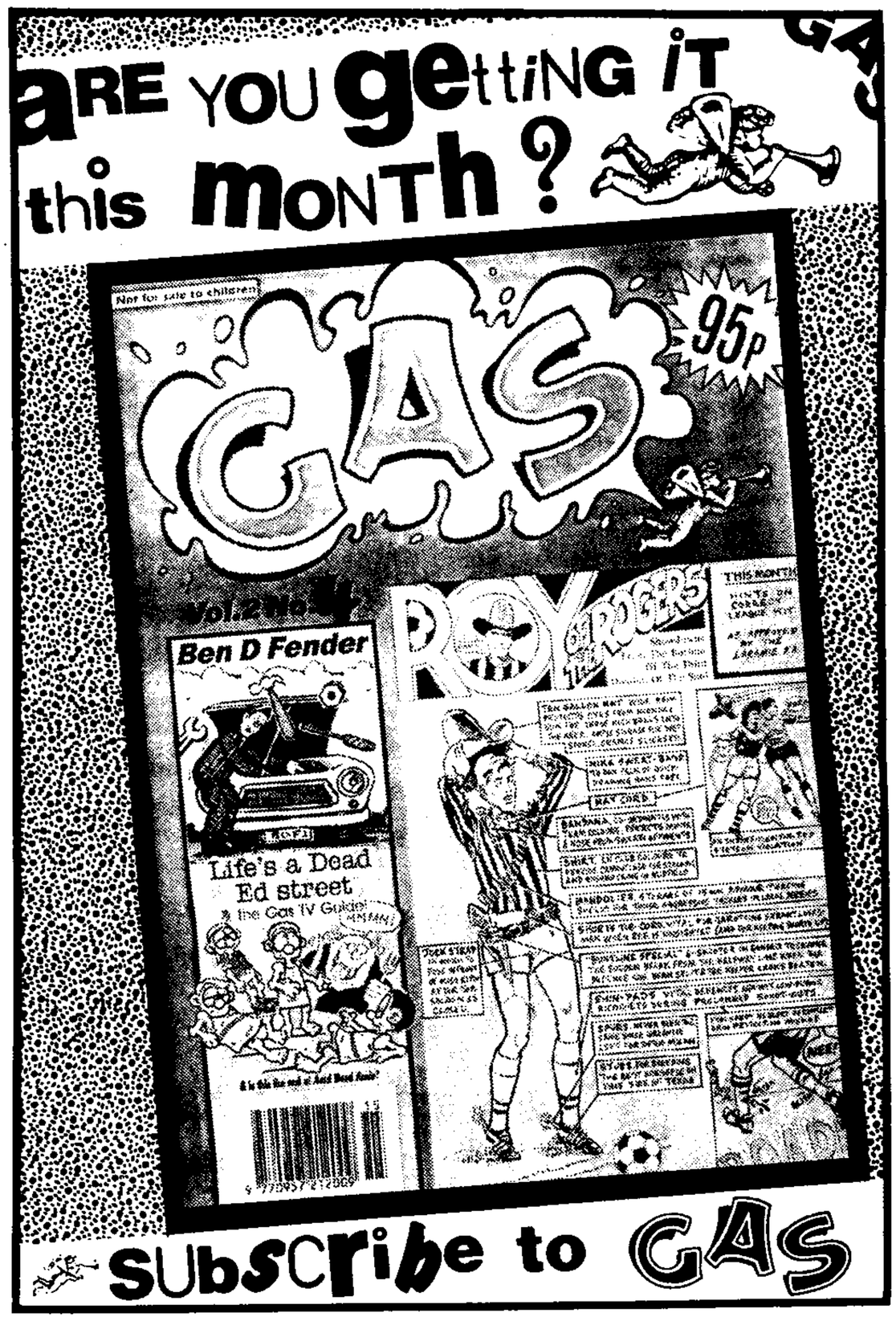
MAGGIE MAY COLD BLOWS A CRISE
FOLKESTONE KENT CT18 8LP

IMPORTANT NOTICE

POLL TAX

(Community Charge)

Legal Loophole in the Law enables savings of up to 50% or more in reduced payments of the new Tax. Ask for details NOW and start saving. For Prospectus and details send a large stamped self-addressed envelope (block CAPS only) to: Research Dept, HPP, Ballaugh, KIRK MICHAEL, Isle of Man IOM X93.



PRIVATE EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDER FORM

Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
UK: £12 Europe & Eire: £18 Elsewhere: Surface £18 Air £23

Magazines to:

NAME

ADDRESS

Please print & use the postcode

I enclose cheque/PO for £. . . . . ☐

OR

Please charge ACCESS ☐ VISA ☐ Card expires: ____ / ____

Card number:

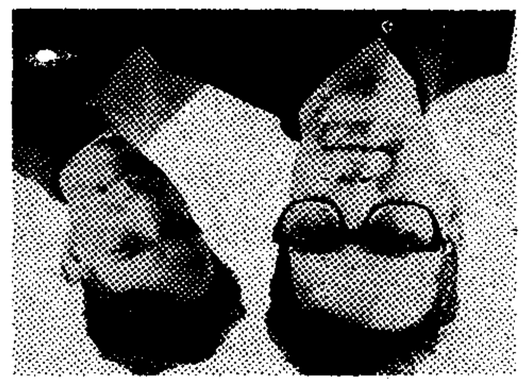
Cardholder's name & address if different from above

OR: Why not 'Dial-A-Sub' 01·228 0425 'Fax-A-Sub' 01·924 3719

Overseas subscribers please note: payment must be made by International Money Order **OR** Bankers Draft in £ Sterling drawn on London **OR** ACCESS/VISA.

Q MAGAZINE

OUT NOW



THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS
Weird or what?

Who'd be... BARRY MANILOW?

Remixers
CAN THEY SAVE YOUR FLOP SINGLE?

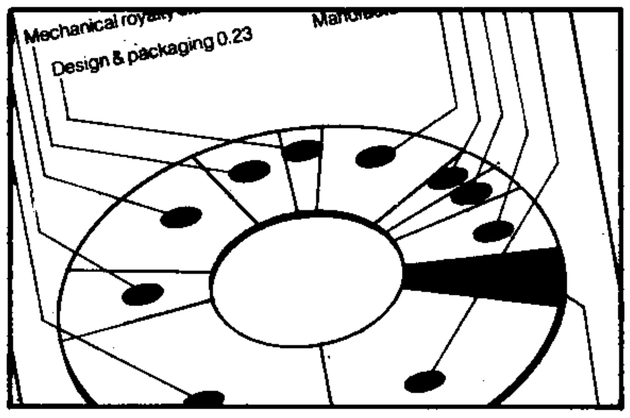
Q REVIEW
Over 120 albums reviewed and rated including

BILLY IDOL BEATS INTERNATIONAL
LOU REED/JOHN CALE

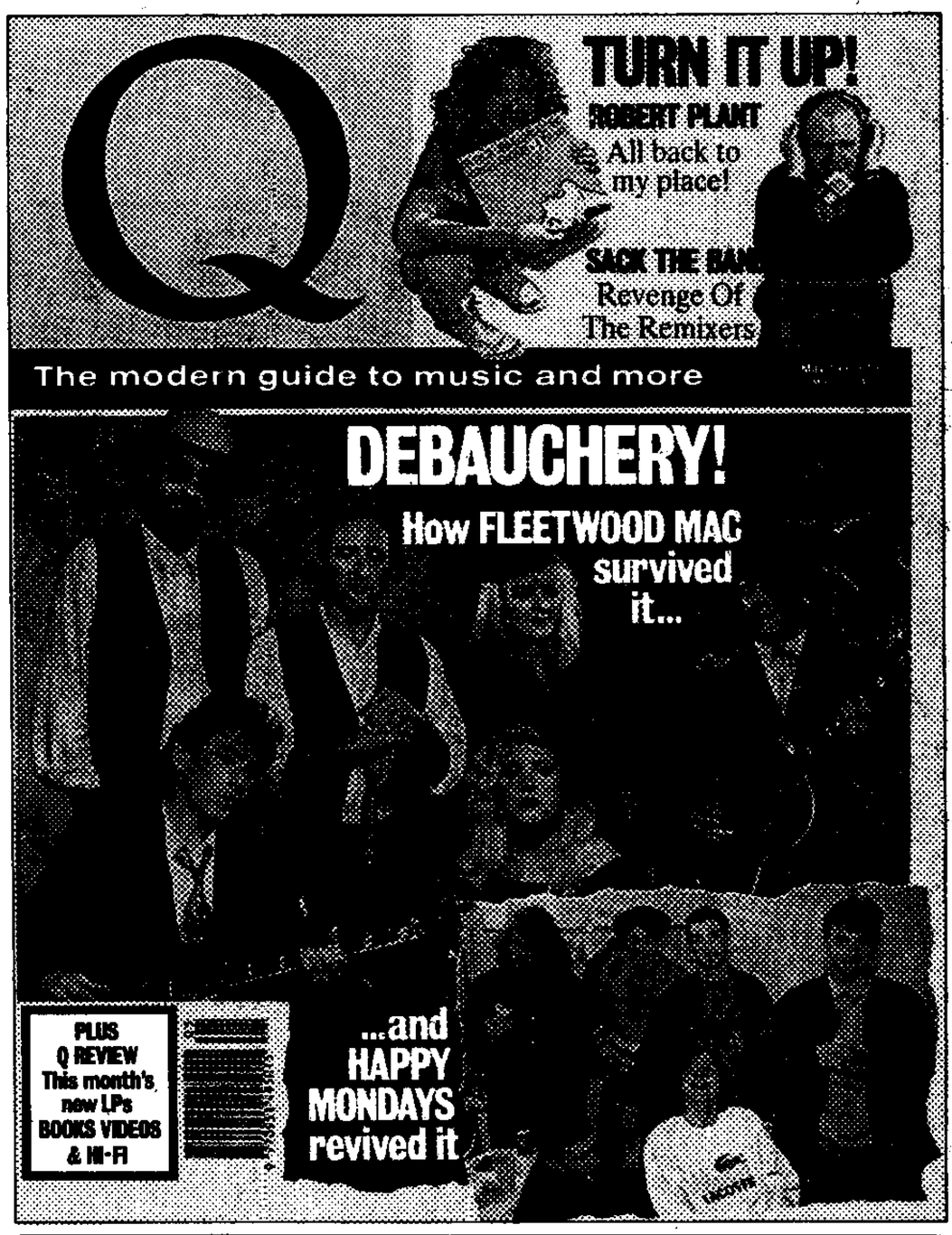
Featuring

FLEETWOOD MAC
HAPPY MONDAYS

JERRY HALL
Who the hell does she think she is?



THE CD PRICE WAR!
Are we being done?



ISSN 0032-888X

9 770032 888006 15

The modern guide to music and more

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1. 01-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11. 01-223 9971